

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**



CULLEN BUNN • MARK BAGLEY • JOHN DELL • EDGAR DELGADO

DEADPOOL

Assassin

MARVEL

SELECTED FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HYPERACTIVE HEALING FACTOR, WADE WILSON USES HIS TALENTS TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY— AND CERTAINLY ITS MOST ANNOYING. LOVED AND LOATHED AS THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH, WADE MAKES HIS MONEY AS A GUN FOR HIRE. FOR ALL YOUR HOMICIDAL NEEDS, NO QUESTIONS ASKED BUT PLENTY OF TASTELESS QUIPS DELIVERED WITH MAXIMUM POSSIBLE TRAUMA, CALL...

DEADPOOL

Assassin

CULLEN BUNN

writer

MARK BAGLEY

penciler

JOHN DELL (#1-6)

**WITH ROBERTO POGGI (#4), JP MAYER (#5),
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cover artists

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ALAN FINE
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FIVE MINUTES TO DROP-ZONE.

REMEMBER
THAT OP IN
COLOMBIA...WHEN
WE HIT THE CABERA
CARTEL?

DIDN'T
NEED ALL THIS
FANCY ORDNANCE
TO GET THE JOB
DONE.

THOSE
WERE GOOD
TIMES.

THIS AIN'T
COLOMBIA.

TIMES
CHANGE.

THEN
AGAIN...TIMES
DON'T.

TIGHTEN
IT UP,
EVERYBODY.

ONCE WE
MAKE THE
JUMP, WE'RE
FOCUSED 'TIL
THE JOB IS
DONE.

GAME
FACES.



JUST
LIKE WE
PRACTICED.

STRAP
IN AND LET
FLY.

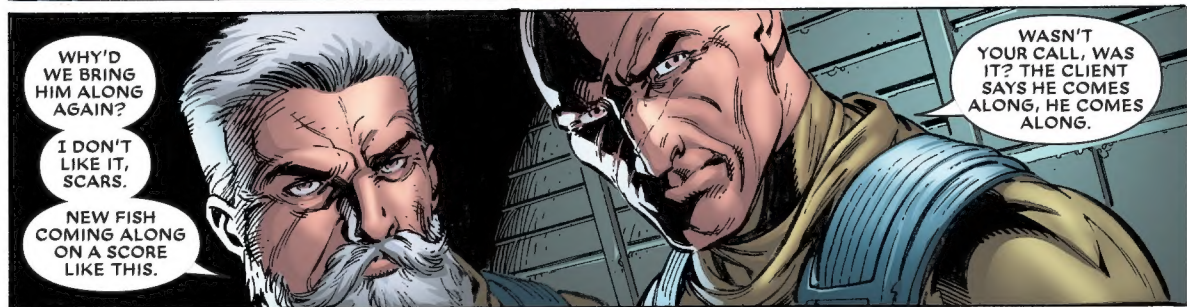
WE GO
IN HARD AND
FAST.



WOOF!

I DUNNO
ABOUT YOU, KID,
BUT ALL THIS MACHO
MERCENARY BANTER
HAS GIVEN ME
THE VAPORS!

Y'THINK
THEY OFFER
COLD SHOWERS
AT THE DROP
ZONE?



WHY'D
WE BRING
HIM ALONG
AGAIN?

I DON'T
LIKE IT,
SCARS.

NEW FISH
COMING ALONG
ON A SCORE
LIKE THIS.

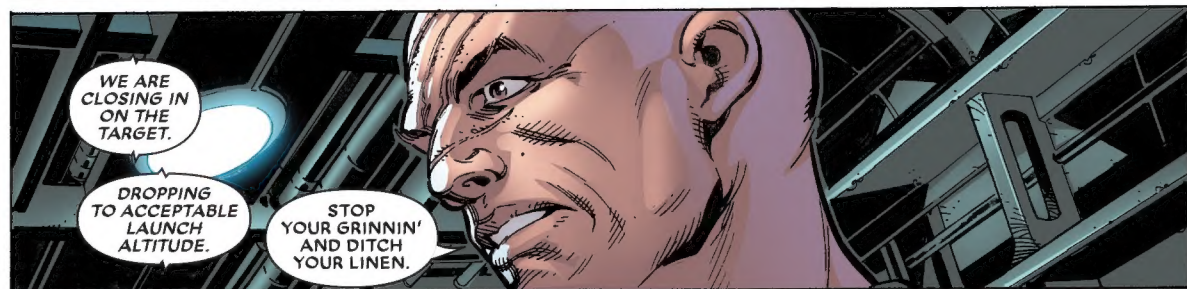
WASN'T
YOUR CALL, WAS
IT? THE CLIENT
SAYS HE COMES
ALONG, HE COMES
ALONG.



ARE
THEY TALKING
ABOUT YOU
OR ME?

I'M
GONNA GO
WITH YOU.

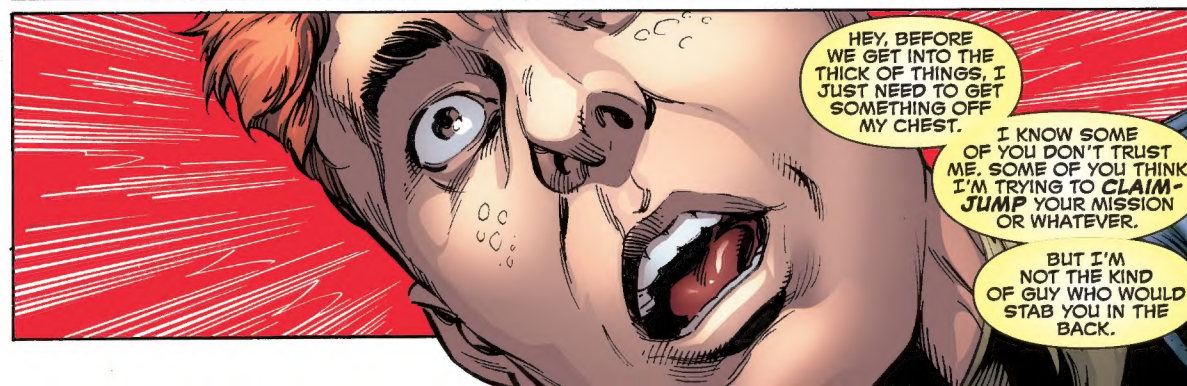
COOL?



WE ARE
CLOSING IN
ON THE
TARGET.

DROPPING
TO ACCEPTABLE
LAUNCH
ALTITUDE.

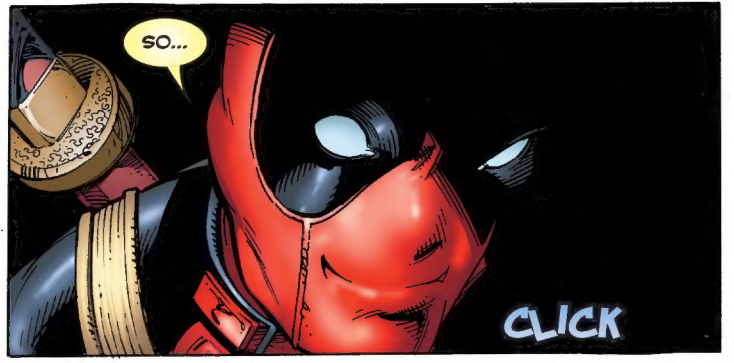
STOP
YOUR GRINNIN'
AND DITCH
YOUR LINEN.



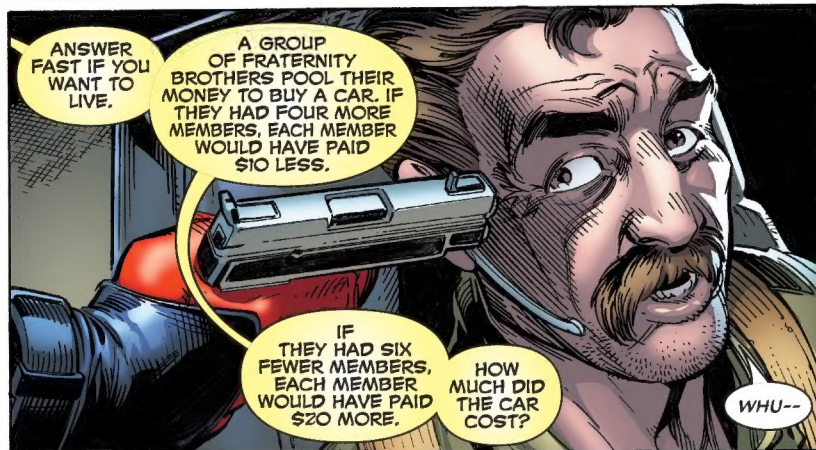
HEY, BEFORE
WE GET INTO THE
THICK OF THINGS, I
JUST NEED TO GET
SOMETHING OFF
MY CHEST.

I KNOW SOME
OF YOU DON'T TRUST
ME. SOME OF YOU THINK
I'M TRYING TO **CLAIM-
JUMP** YOUR MISSION
OR WHATEVER.

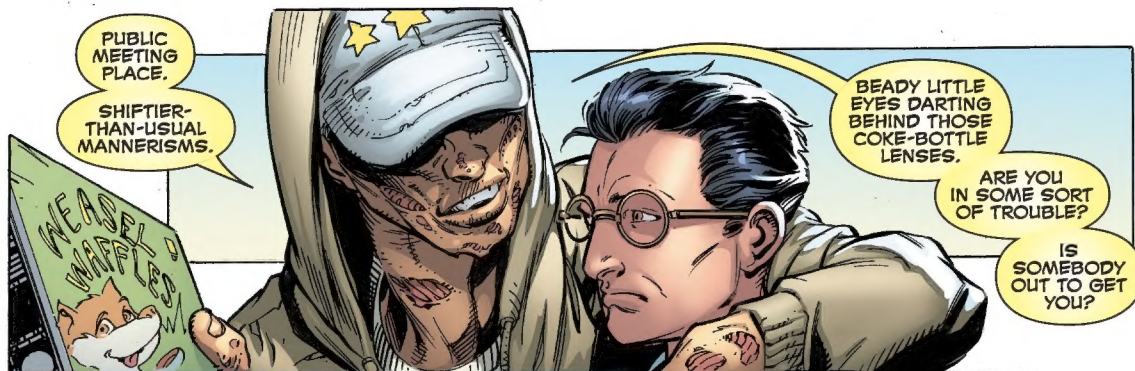
BUT I'M
NOT THE KIND
OF GUY WHO WOULD
STAB YOU IN THE
BACK.











PUBLIC MEETING PLACE.

SHIFTIER-THAN-USUAL MANNERISMS.

BEADY LITTLE EYES DARTING BEHIND THOSE COKE-BOTTLE LENSES.

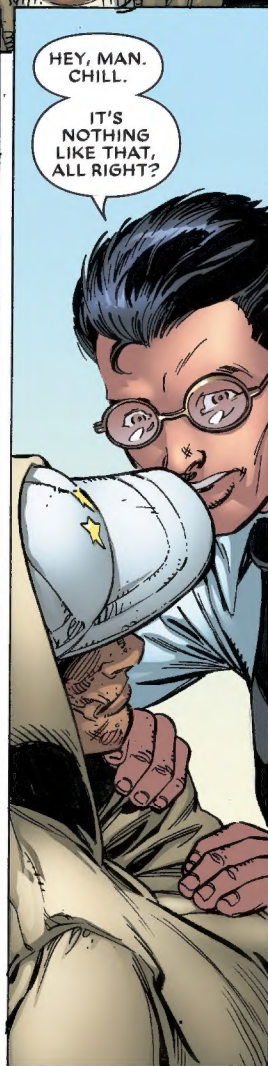
ARE YOU IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE?

IS SOMEBODY OUT TO GET YOU?



JUST POINT 'EM OUT TO ME.

I'LL LEAVE A CLEANUP ON AISLE FOUR.



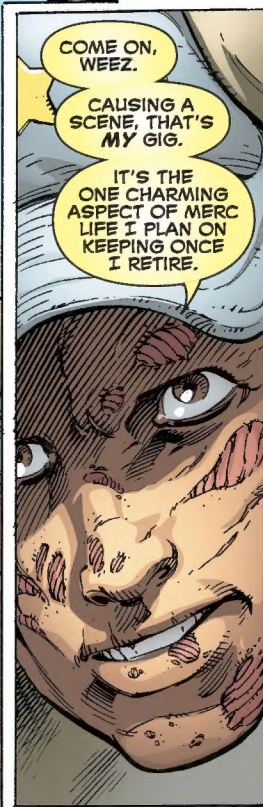
HEY, MAN. CHILL.

IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT, ALL RIGHT?



THERE'S NO NEED TO CAUSE A SCENE.

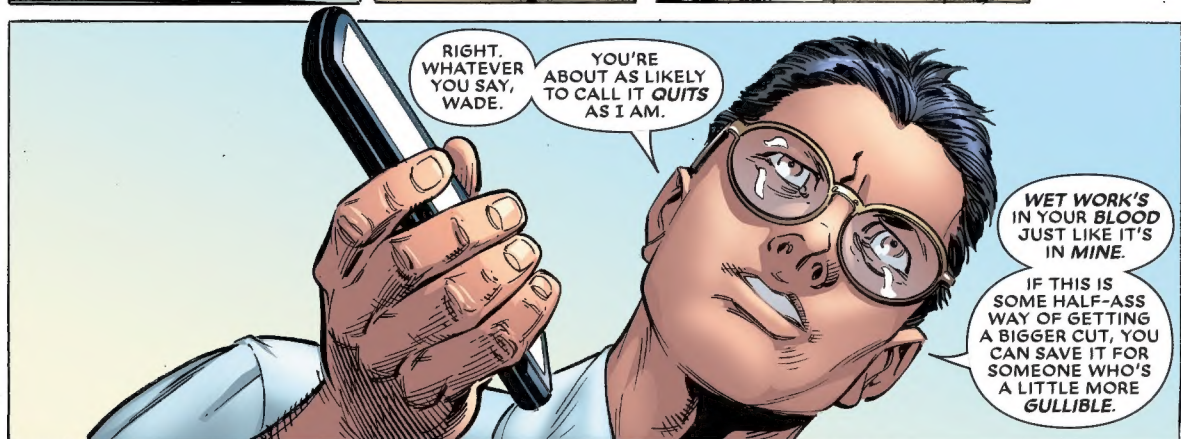
JUST HEAR ME OUT AND WE CAN BOTH BE ON OUR WAY, ALL RIGHT?



COME ON, WEEZ.

CAUSING A SCENE, THAT'S MY GIG.

IT'S THE ONE CHARMING ASPECT OF MERC LIFE I PLAN ON KEEPING ONCE I RETIRE.

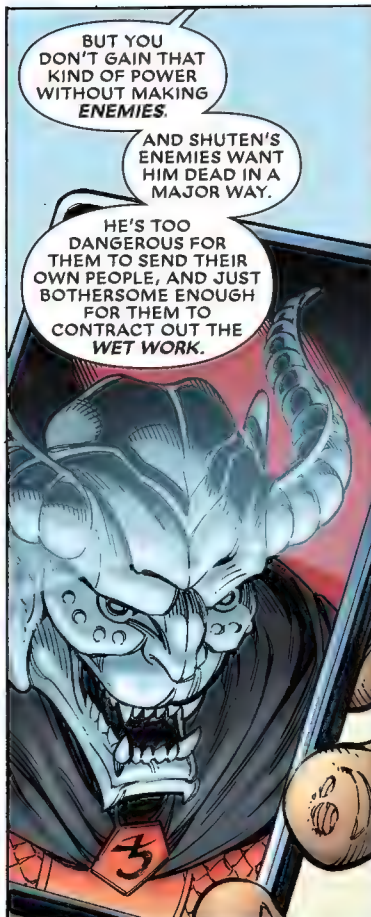


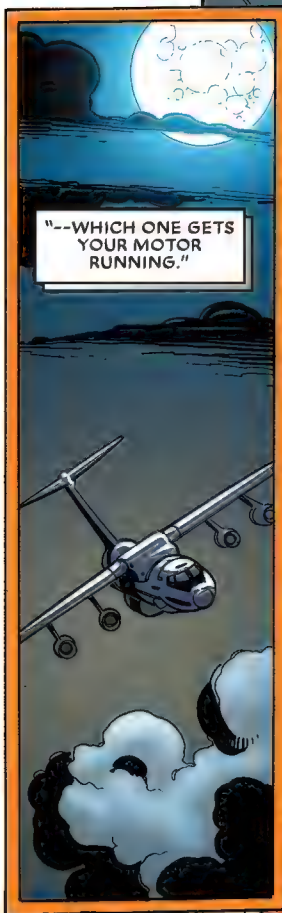
RIGHT. WHATEVER YOU SAY, WADE.

YOU'RE ABOUT AS LIKELY TO CALL IT QUITS AS I AM.

WET WORK'S IN YOUR BLOOD JUST LIKE IT'S IN MINE.

IF THIS IS SOME HALF-ASS WAY OF GETTING A BIGGER CUT, YOU CAN SAVE IT FOR SOMEONE WHO'S A LITTLE MORE GULLIBLE.





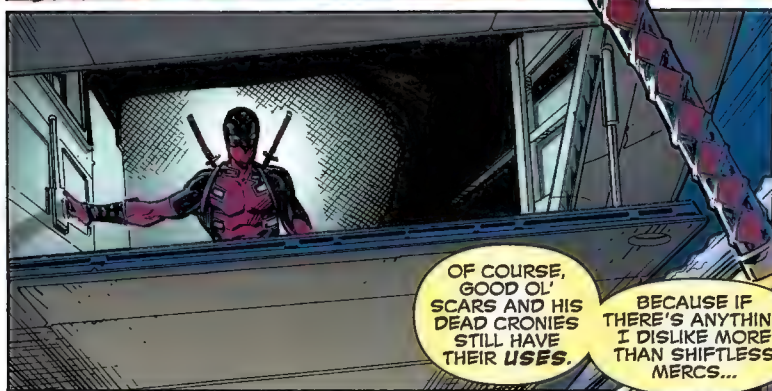
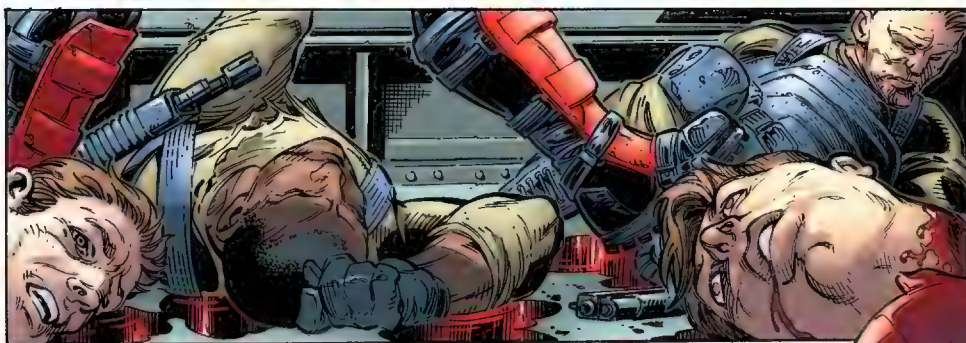
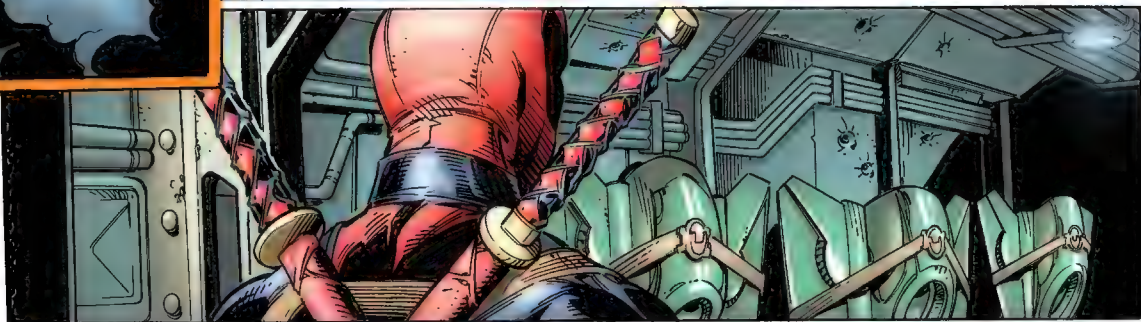
"--WHICH ONE GETS
YOUR MOTOR
RUNNING."



THE DECISION
WASN'T THAT
TOUGH, REALLY.

I MEAN--
LOOK--THESE
MERCES ARE BAD
NEWS. THEY'VE GOT
NO **CODE OF
HONOR.**

AND WHEN
ONE SOLDIER OF
FORTUNE STARTS
BEHAVING LIKE A
REPROBATE, WELL,
THAT JUST GIVES US
TRUE PROFESSIONALS
A BLACK EYE.

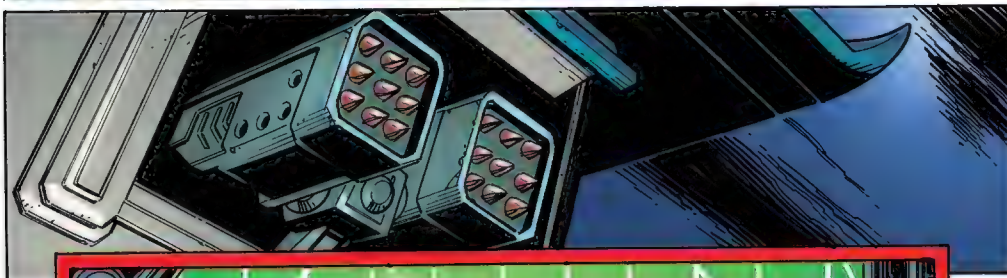
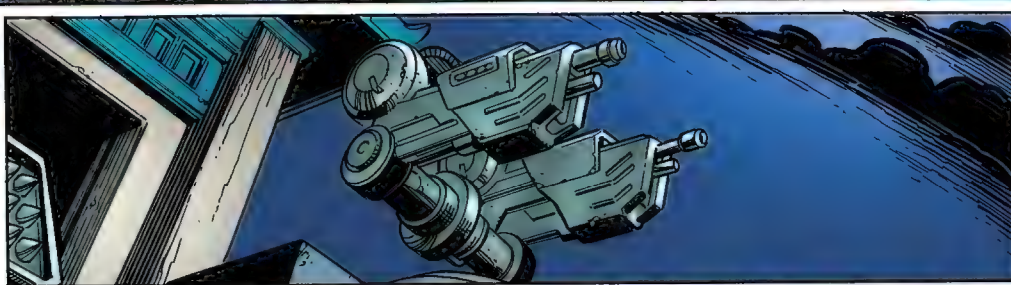


OF COURSE,
GOOD OL'
SCARS AND HIS
DEAD CRONIES
STILL HAVE
THEIR **USES.**

BECAUSE IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
I DISLIKE MORE
THAN SHIFTLESS
MERCES...



"...IT'S NINJAS
IN DEMON
MASKS."





SHUTEN
DOJI! MY
LORD!

WE HAVE
DETECTED A
PLANE!

IT HAS
ENTERED OUR
AIRSPACE!

YES.



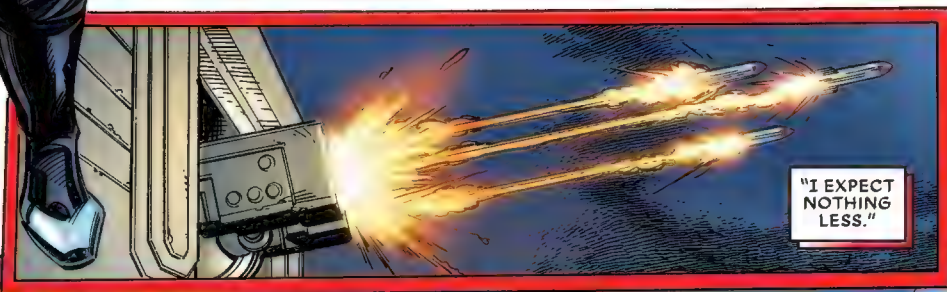
I HAVE
SENSED
IT.



HAVE
IT SHOT
DOWN AT
ONCE.

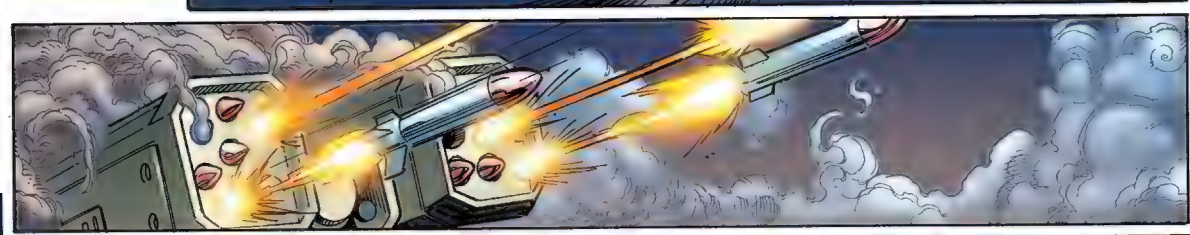
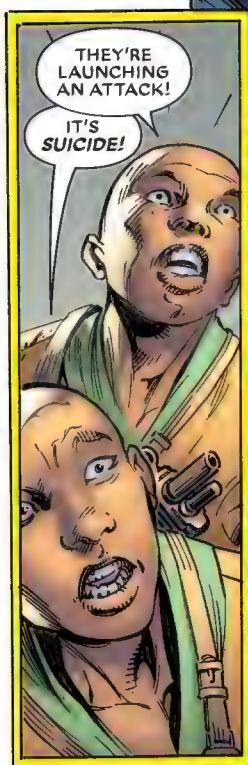
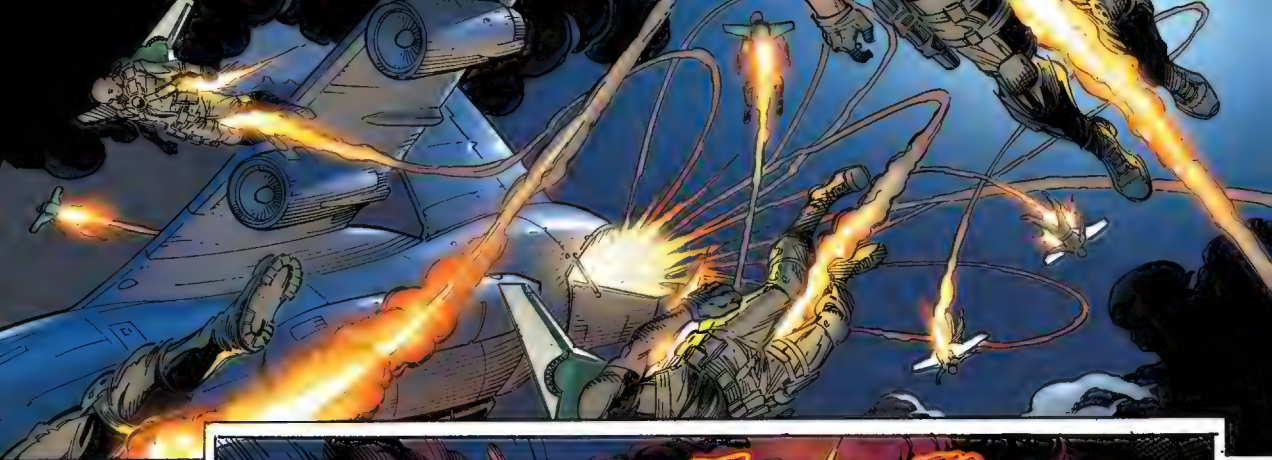
NO
SURVIVORS.

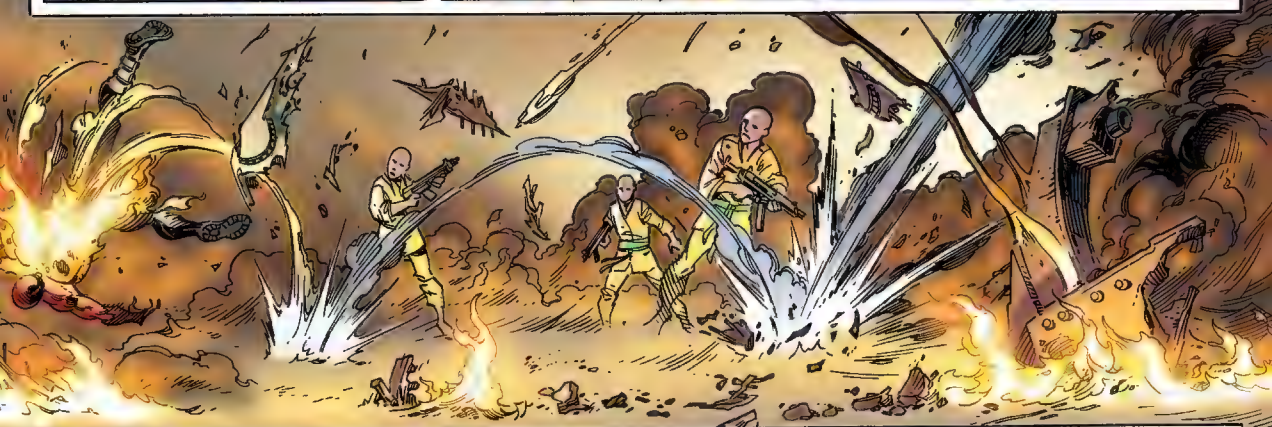
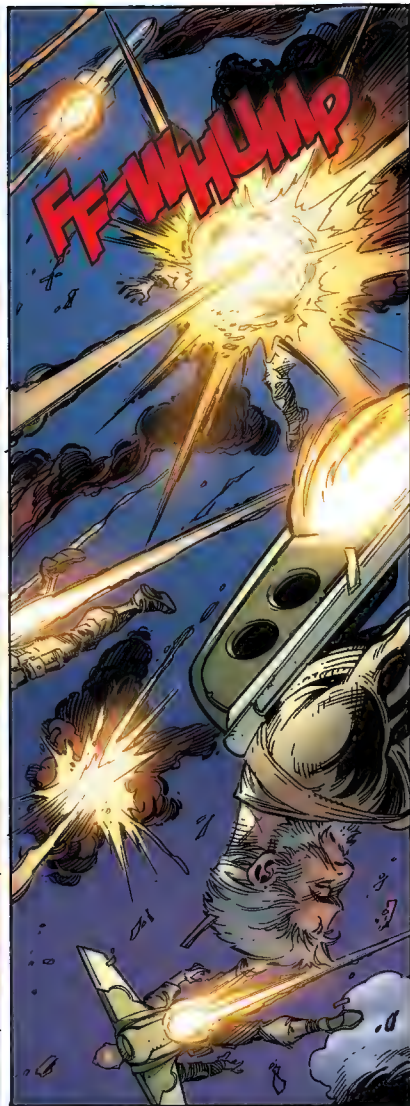
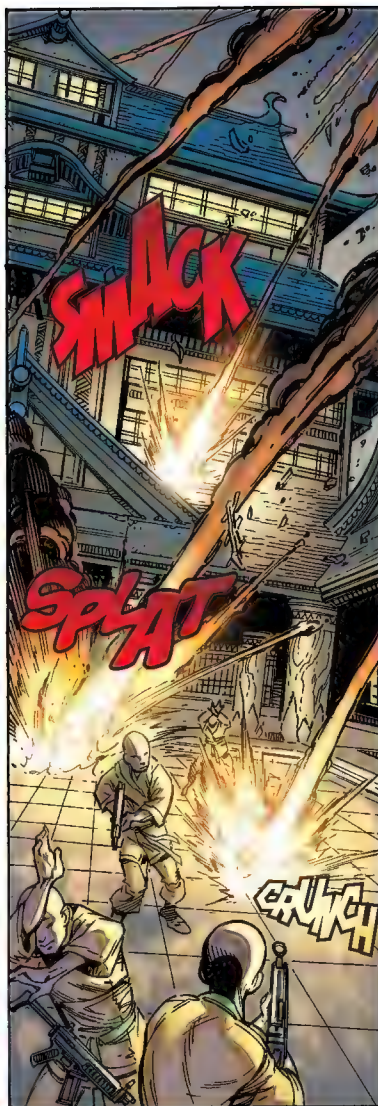
NO NEED
TO TELL ME
WHEN IT IS
DONE.



"I EXPECT
NOTHING
LESS."







HEY, HEY!
HEAR THE MONK'S
SCREAM...AND THEY
THOUGHT I WAS
DEAD ON THE
GROUND!

NOW
THEY'RE TOO
BUSY DYING...
TO CUT ANY
INTERLOPERS
DOWN!

SHUNK

I BREAK
THE MOST
SWORDS WHILE
FALLING OUT
OF EXPLODING
PLANES.

AIEEE!

BRACKA-BRACKA-BRAAAAAAK

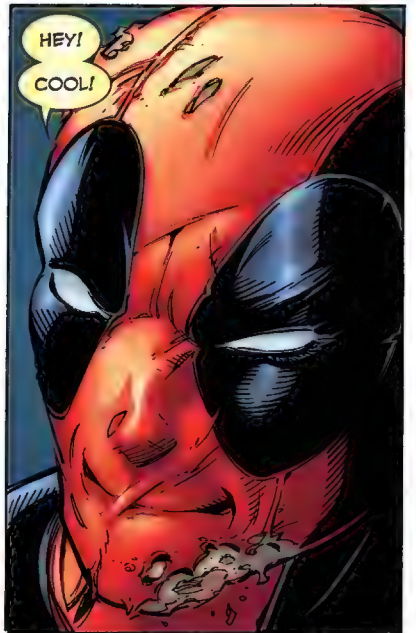
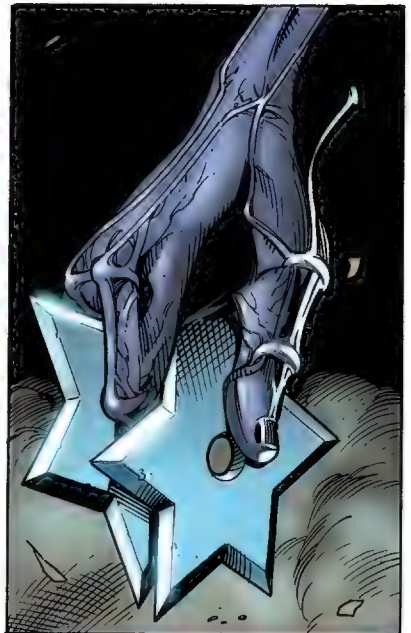
STEP
RIGHT UP!

COME SEE
THE GREATEST
SHOW ON
EARTH!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

BRACK-BRACK-BRACK-BRACK

HUH. I KINDA HAD
MY HEART SET
ON NINJAS.





I KNEW IT!

I JUST KNEW THERE'D BE NINJAS!

AND YOU DIDN'T LET ME DOWN, MENACING JAPANESE CASTLE!

YOU CAME THROUGH FOR ME!

WHAT HAPPENS FOR THE NEXT MINUTE OR SO IS A KIND OF NINJA STANDOFF.

THESE GUYS ARE TRYING TO USE THEIR CHI OR WHATEVER TO DOMINATE ME EVEN BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGINS.

ME, ON THE OTHER HAND, I'M PLAYING WU-TANG LYRICS OVER AND OVER IN MY HEAD.

IT'S KIND OF A PERFECT TIME...





"...FOR YOU TO
PLAY A LITTLE
CATCH-UP."

UH...
WADE...



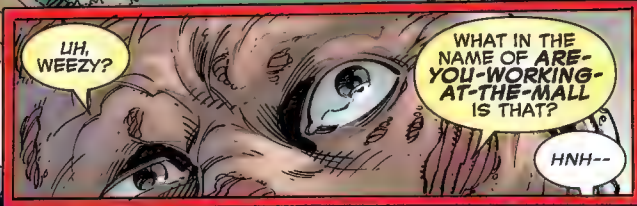
...DID YOU
THROW SOME
SORT OF FRAT
PARTY HERE LAST
NIGHT OR
SOMETHING?



NAH,
NOT ME.

THE PREVIOUS
TENANTS THREW
A **RAGER** RIGHT
BEFORE THEY
MOVED OUT.

I LIKED THE
AMBIENCE, SO I
ASKED THE LANDLORD
TO SKIP CLEANUP.



UH,
WEEZY?

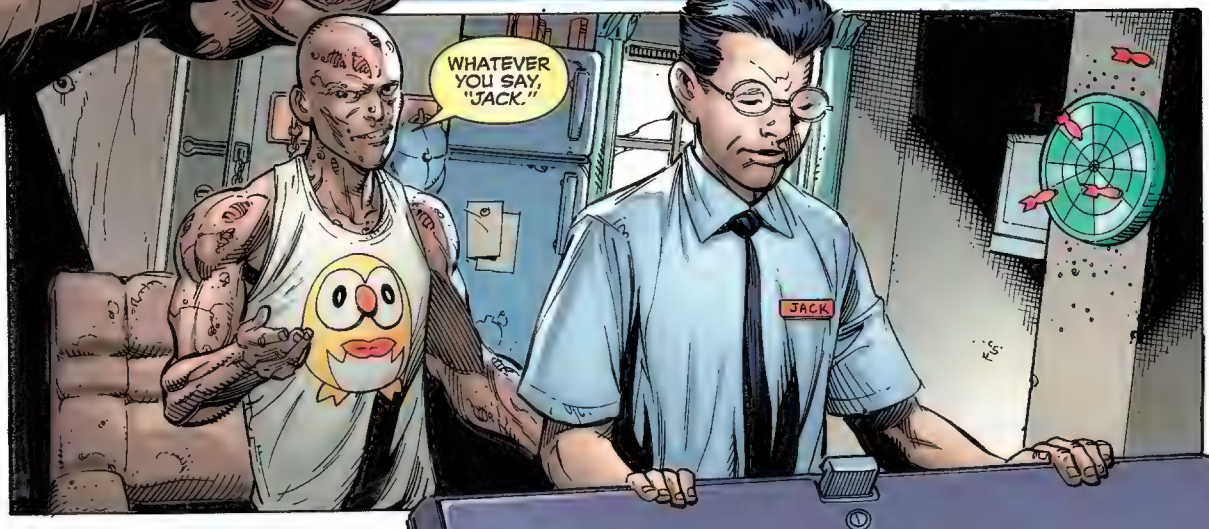
WHAT IN THE
NAME OF ARE-
YOU-WORKING-
AT-THE-MALL
IS THAT?

HNH--



IT'S
NOTHING.
NOTHING TO
WORRY
ABOUT.

DO YOU
WANT TO SEE
YOUR GEAR
OR WHAT?



WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
"JACK."



THAT'LL DO, WEASEL.

THAT'LL DO.

AND DID YOU MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR ME TO JOIN UP WITH THE MERCS?

YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

LOOK, YOU WANT TO TAKE BOTH JOBS, THAT'S FINE.

BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD DO THEM ONE AT A TIME, Y'KNOW?

DOUBLE-DIPPING LIKE THIS...

...IT COULD GET A LITTLE HAIRY.

EFFICIENCY'S THE NAME OF THE GAME.

MIGHT AS WELL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

I KNOW THIS IS A SWEET APARTMENT AND ALL...

...BUT THIS ISN'T WHERE I'M PUTTING DOWN ROOTS WHEN I RETIRE...

...AND ISLANDS COST A LOT.

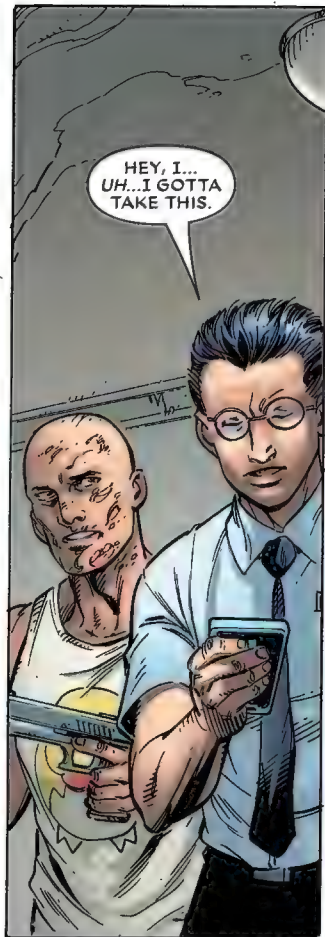
DON'T START WITH THAT AGAIN.

I'M NOT LIKE YOU, I GUESS. AT LEAST, NOT ANYMORE.

BEING A MERC, THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER KNOWN. LATELY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... **NORMAL.**

THE JOB DOESN'T THRILL ME ANYMORE, AND WHEN THAT'S THE CASE, IT'S TIME TO--

RRR IINNG!!!



HEY, I...
UH... I GOTTA
TAKE THIS.



H-HELLO?

HEY,
WHAT'S
UP?

PSST.

YEAH. OF
COURSE. I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF IT.

WHO IS
IT? WHO'RE
WE TAKING
CARE OF?

TWO
DOZEN?
YOU'VE
GOT IT.

TWO DOZEN?
TWO DOZEN
TARGETS? I'M
IN!



I'LL PICK
IT UP ON
THE WAY.

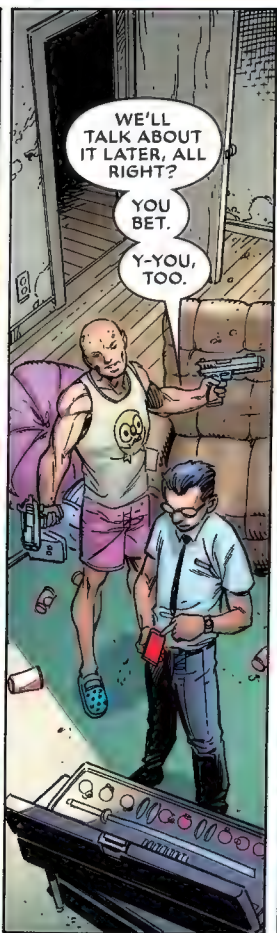
YOOHOO!
WEASEL!

HEY...UH...
I GOTTA RUN,
OKAY?



NO, OF
COURSE NOT.
I'D NEVER RUSH
OFF THE PHONE.

WHO...
IS...IT?



WE'LL
TALK ABOUT
IT LATER, ALL
RIGHT?

YOU
BET.

Y-YOU,
TOO.



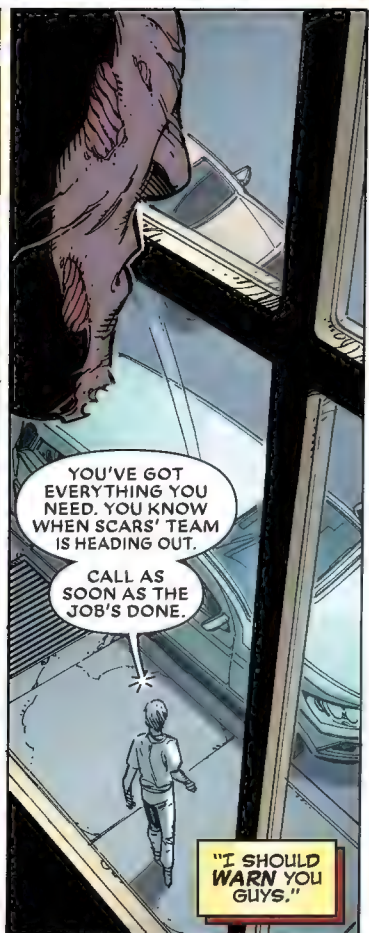
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I
WAS SAYING?

I WAS SAYING
HOW I'M IN THE MIDDLE
OF THIS EXISTENTIAL
CRISIS...HOPING TO PULL
JUST A FEW MORE GIGS
AND THEN REDEFINING
MYSELF...MAYBE
SETTLING DOWN.

YEAH,
OKAY. GOOD
LUCK WITH
THAT.

A COMPLETE
OVERHAUL OF
WHO YOU ARE AT A
FUNDAMENTAL
LEVEL?

I HEAR
IT'S JUST AS
EASY AS IT
SOUNDS.



YOU'VE GOT
EVERYTHING YOU
NEED. YOU KNOW
WHEN SCARS' TEAM
IS HEADING OUT.

CALL AS
SOON AS THE
JOB'S DONE.

"I SHOULD
WARN YOU
GUYS."



I HAVE
AN UNFAIR
ADVANTAGE
OVER YOU.

I'VE WATCHED
**REVENGE OF
THE NINJA**, LIKE,
250 TIMES.

I'VE
STUDIED THE
MOVES.



AND WHEN IT'S
NOT **REVENGE OF
THE NINJA**, IT'S
**AMERICAN
NINJA**...

...OR
**NINJA III: THE
DOMINATION**...

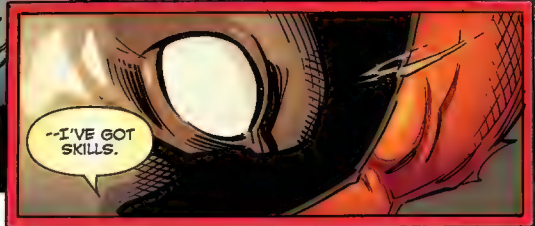
...OR
GYMKATA...

SOMETIMES,
I'M **NAKED**
WHEN I WATCH
THEM...



...BUT
THAT'S ANOTHER
STORY.

WHAT
I'M TRYING
TO SAY IS--



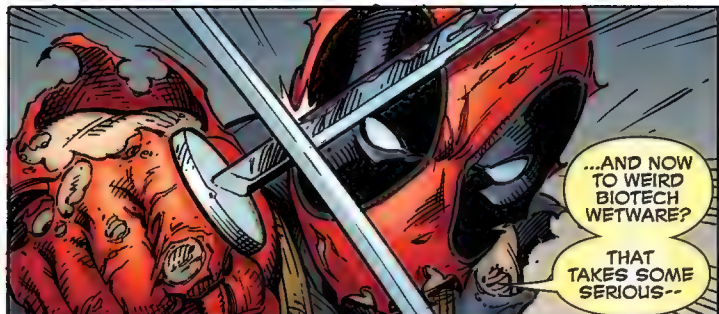
--I'VE GOT
SKILLS.



WHOA!
YOU GUYS
HAVE IRON
FISTS?
THAT'S
SO NOT
FAIR!



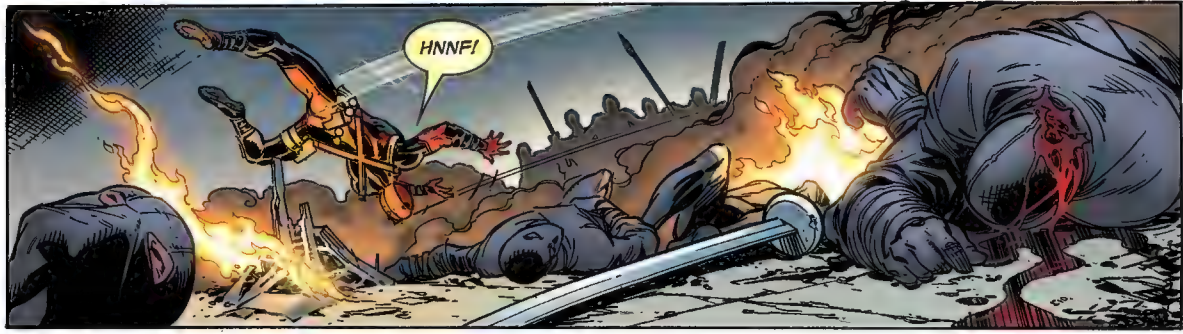
I ADMIT,
I ADMIRE
YOU GUYS.
YOUR
COMMITMENT
TO TRAINING...TO
THE CODE...TO
UNCOMFORTABLE
SHOES...



...AND NOW
TO WEIRD
BIOTECH
WETWARE?
THAT
TAKES SOME
SERIOUS--

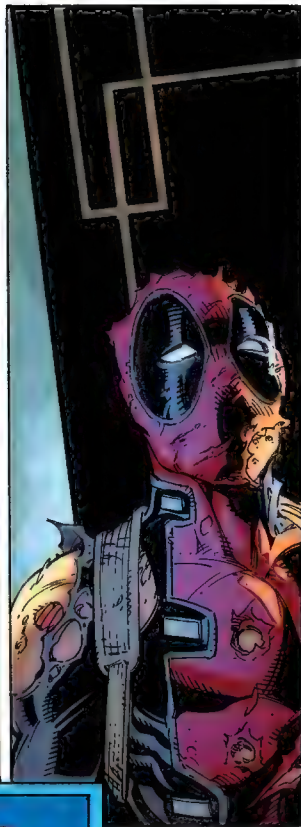
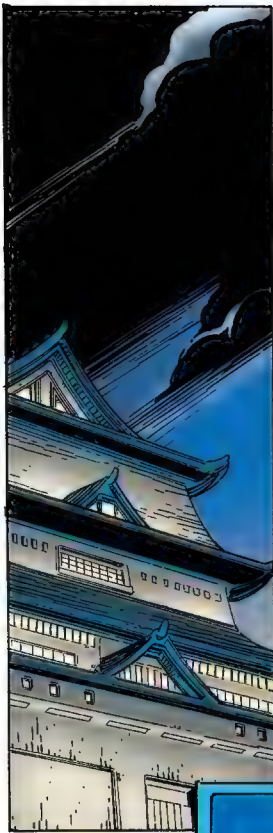


SHRANKOOW



HNNF!





OH, HEY
THERE. YOU'RE
STILL WITH ME,
HUH?

I WASN'T
SURE. SOMETIMES
ALL THE FLYING BODY
PARTS AND SPATTERING
BLOOD TURNS
PEOPLE OFF.

BUT NOT
YOU LITTLE
SICKOS.

YOU WANT
TO SEE OL'
WADE THROUGH-
THE-CANNON-
FODDER WILSON
FINISH WHAT
HE STARTED.

I LIKE YOU
GUYS. YOU HAVE
A STANDING INVITE
TO MY ISLAND
ONCE I BUY IT.

IT'LL
BE STRICTLY
TOPLESS,
THOUGH.

BOTTOMLESS,
TOO.

AND IT'S A
NONSTOP BRING-
YOUR-OWN-CHEESE-
PUFF KIND OF
PARTY.

ALL
RIGHT.

LET'S
FINISH
THIS.





SO,
YOU ARE
THE ASSASSIN
SENT TO KILL
ME?

I MUST
SAY, I AM
UNIMPRESSED.

YOU LOOK
AS IF YOU
CAN BARELY
STAND.

HOW CAN
YOU HOPE TO
CHALLENGE
ME?

I WAS SORTA
HOPING THAT AFTER
YOU SAW WHAT A MESS
I MADE OF YOUR NINJAS,
YOU'D JUST--YOU
KNOW--COMMIT
SEPPUKU.

THAT WOULD
PROBABLY BE
EASIEST FOR
ME.

ONCE THAT'S
DONE, I'LL JUST
BE ON MY WAY, AND I
PROMISE NOT TO DEFILE
YOUR LOVELY CASTLE
IN ANY WAY ON
MY WAY OUT.



UNNF!

YEAH,
I WOULDN'T
BELIEVE ME
ABOUT THE
DEFLING,
EITHER.

I TOTALLY
FORGET TO PUT
THE SEAT UP...AND
I NEVER WIPE IT
DOWN AFTER.

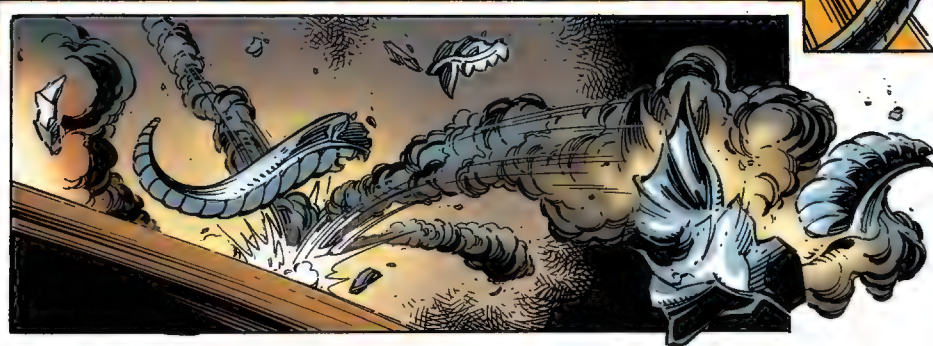
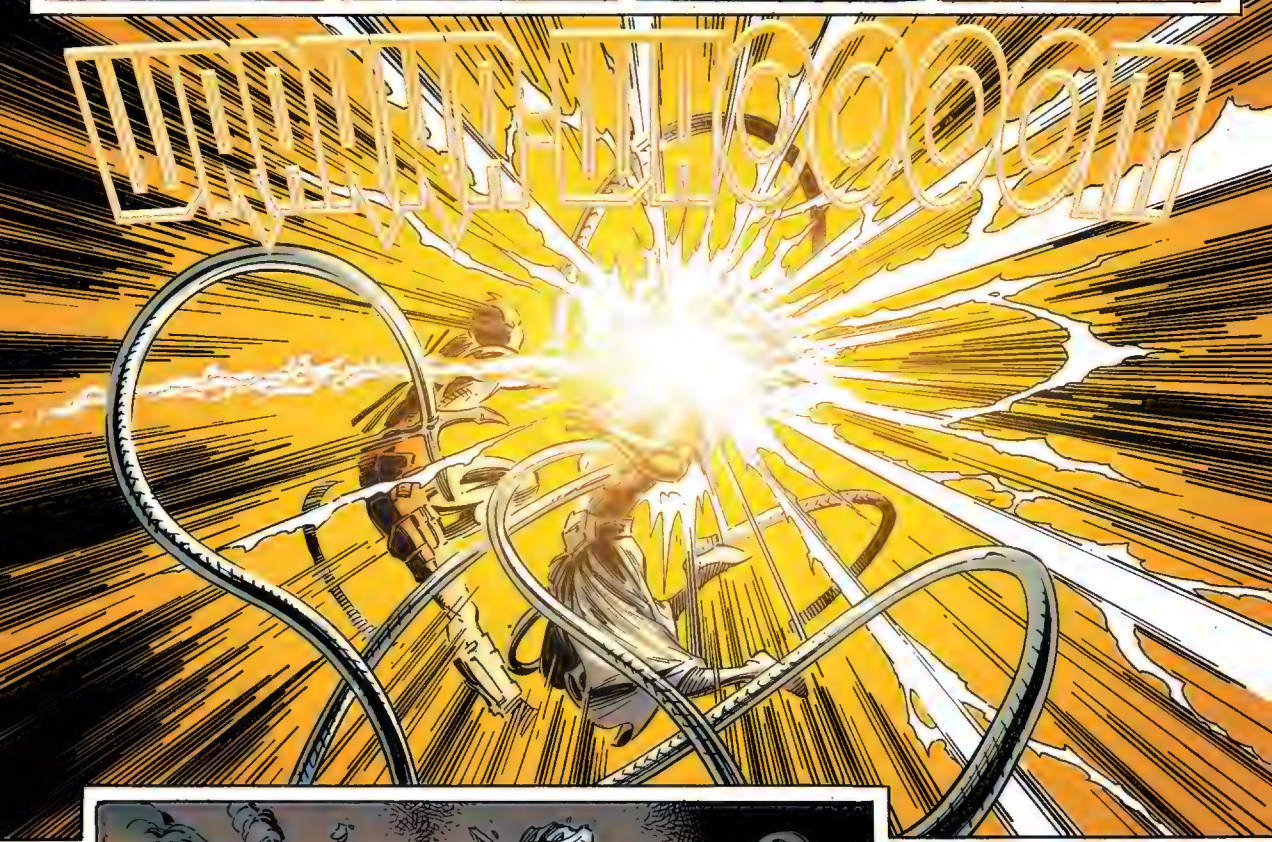
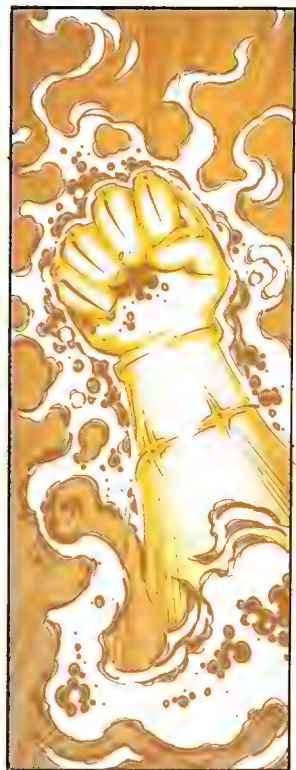


YOUR
DEATH WILL
NOT BE
PLEASANT.

TWO
THINGS.

FIRST, YOU
NEED A MINT
IN A MAJOR
WAY.

SECOND...

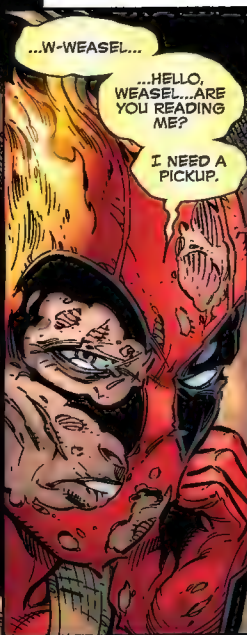




I AM...
THE IMMORAL...
DEADPOOL-
FIST...

...SWORN
DEFENDER
OF THE PEPE'S
HOUSE OF
TACOS...

...THE
DESTROYER
OF MULTIPLE
BASKETS OF
NACHOS...



...W-WEASEL...

...HELLO,
WEASEL...ARE
YOU READING
ME?

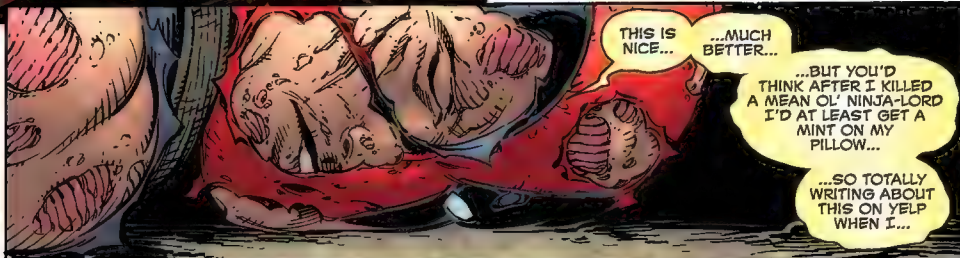
I NEED A
PICKUP.



I THINK
MAYBE...

...I'M
LOSING
A LITTLE
BLOOD.

DOES
ANYBODY
HAVE A
BANDAGE I
COULD...

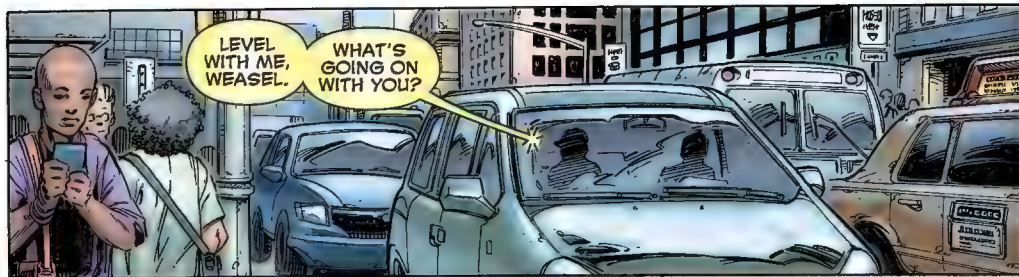


THIS IS
NICE...

...MUCH
BETTER...

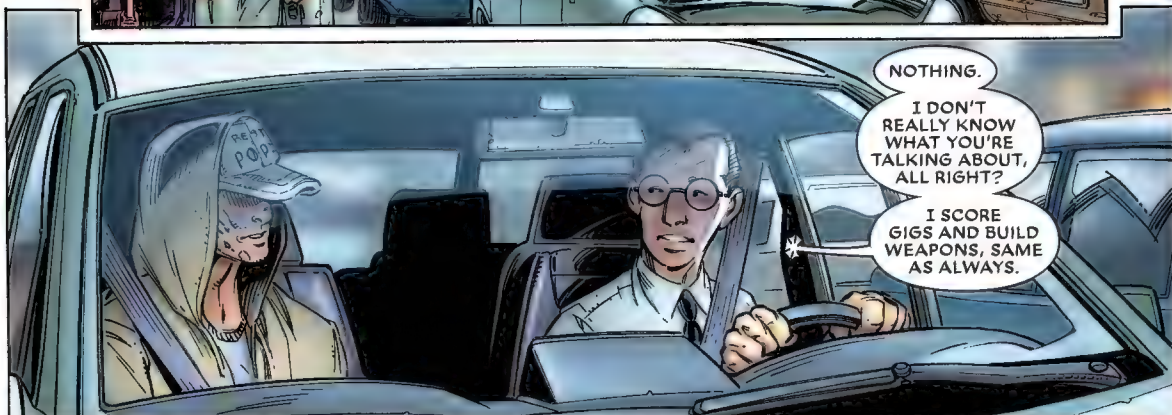
...BUT YOU'D
THINK AFTER I KILLED
A MEAN OL' NINJA-LORD
I'D AT LEAST GET A
MINT ON MY
PILLOW...

...SO TOTALLY
WRITING ABOUT
THIS ON YELP
WHEN I...



LEVEL WITH ME, WEASEL.

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU?



NOTHING.

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, ALL RIGHT?

I SCORE GIGS AND BUILD WEAPONS, SAME AS ALWAYS.



UH-HUH.

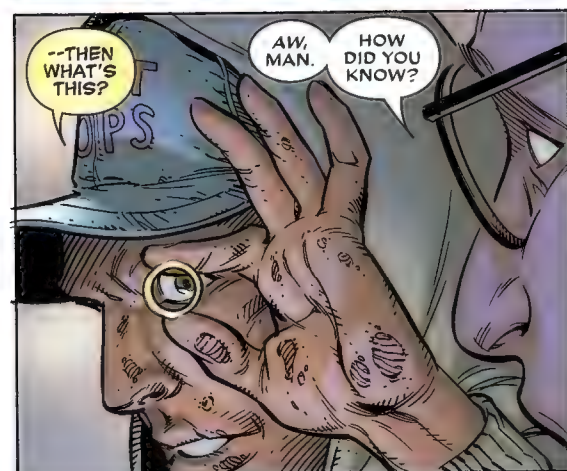


WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

GET OUT OF THERE!

A MAN'S GLOVE COMPARTMENT IS HIS OWN BUSINESS!

IF YOU'RE NOT HIDING SOMETHING--



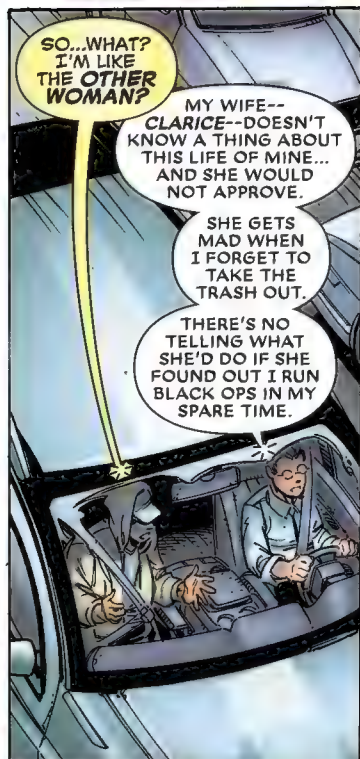
--THEN WHAT'S THIS?

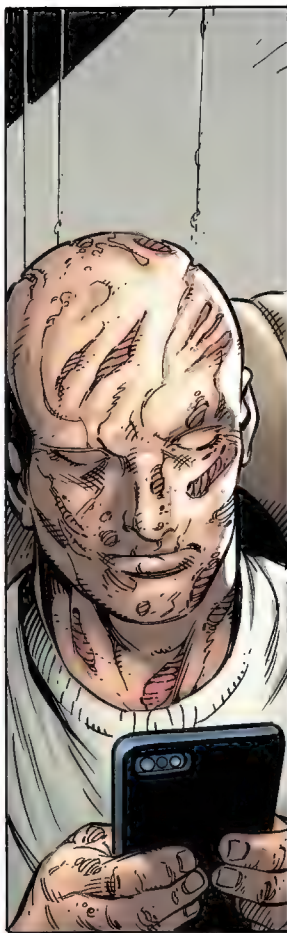
AW, MAN.

HOW DID YOU KNOW?



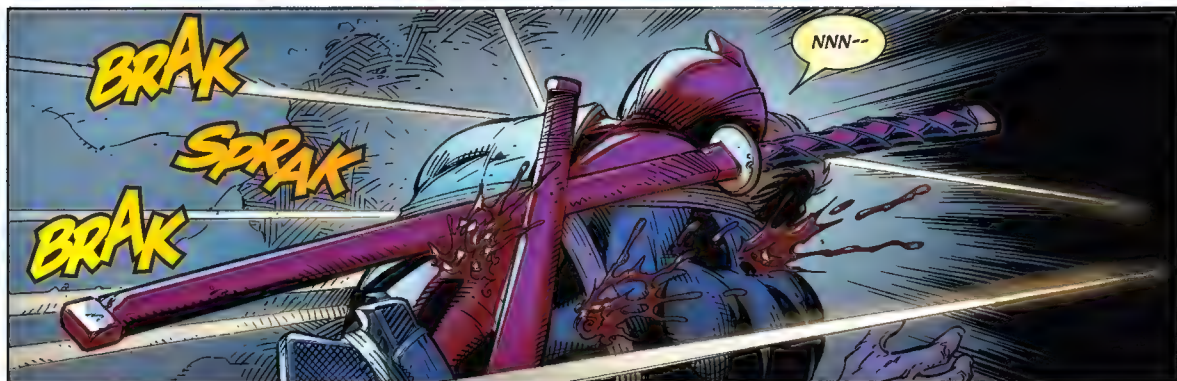
THERE'S A TAN LINE ON YOUR RING FINGER.

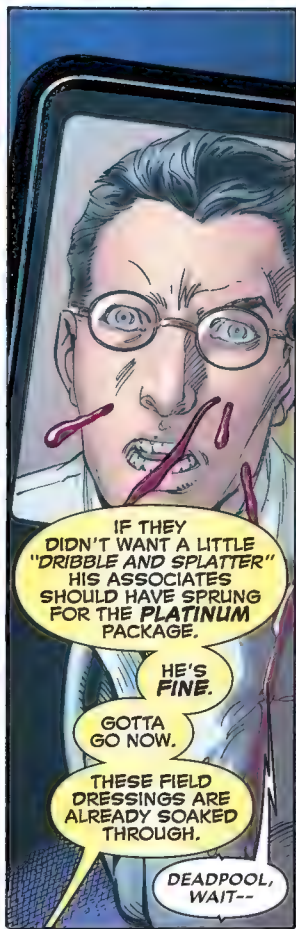
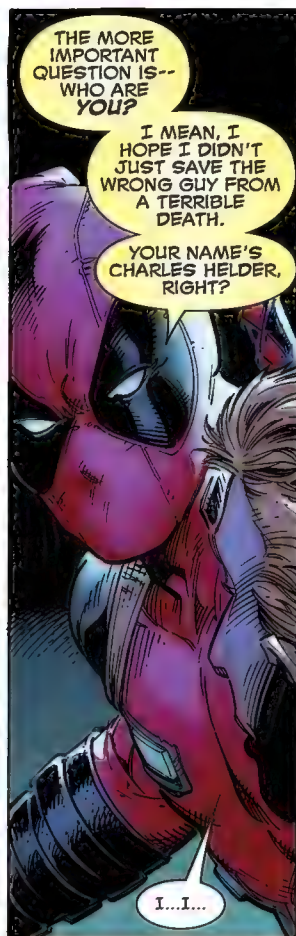


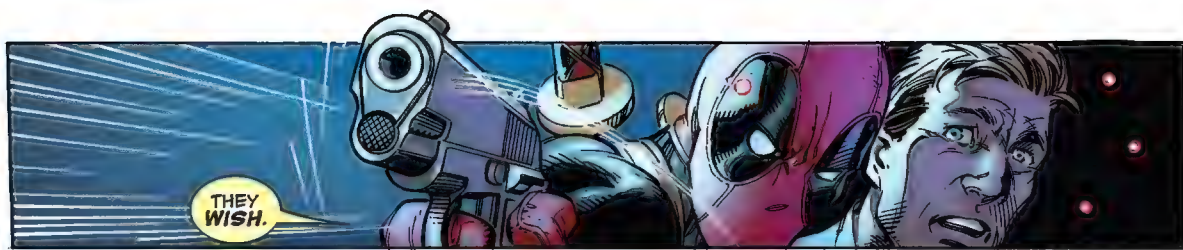












THEY
WISH.



NAHH.
SHADOW-BENDING
KNIFE-FIGHTING NINJA DUDE

WADE WILSON...
DEADPOOL...THE
ASSASSINS GUILD
HAS NO QUARREL
WITH YOU.

WALK
AWAY.

LEAVE
THIS MAN TO
HIS FATE.

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO DIE
TONIGHT.

Y'KNOW...
IF YOU'VE BEEN
IN THE MERC GAME
FOR AS LONG AS I
HAVE, YOU'VE PROBABLY
HEARD OF THE
ASSASSINS
GUILD.

BIG BAD CADRE
OF BOOGEYMEN
WHO KILL FOR MONEY.
THEY PUT THE "ASS"
IN ASSASSIN.

"BUT
DEADPOOL,"
YOU MIGHT SAY,
"YOU KILL FOR
MONEY, TOO."

TRUE...BUT,
UNLIKE THE
GUILD HERE, I
HAVE A
CODE.



WHO ARE
YOU TALKING
TO?

DEAD MAN
WALKING SAYS
WHAT?

WHAT?

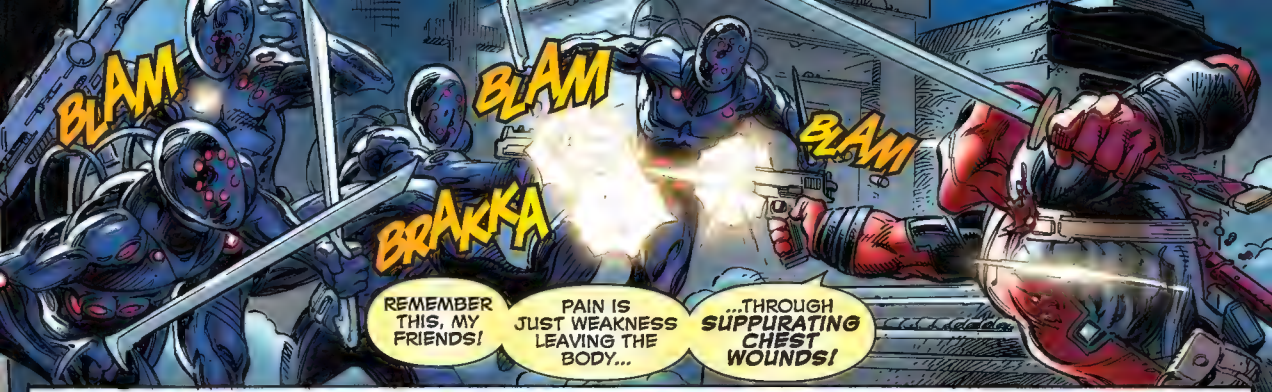


HEH.

NEVER
GETS OLD.

SHOVE

OOOF!



REMEMBER
THIS, MY
FRIENDS!

PAIN IS
JUST WEAKNESS
LEAVING THE
BODY...

...THROUGH
SUPPURATING
CHEST
WOUNDS!



HUH?

YOU SHOULD
HAVE CUT AND
RUN WHILE YOU
HAD THE
CHANCE.

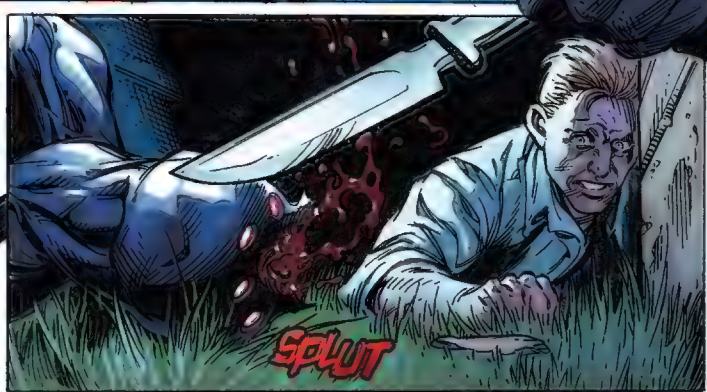


TH-THINK
THIS IS
G-GONNA
STOP ME?

I DON'T--

HGGK!

--AIM
WITH MY
TRACHEA!



SPLOUT



GGGK!

THAT'S
IT.
QUIETLY
NOW.





"...LET'S FIND
SOMEPLACE QUIET
TO LIE LOW."



HEY, THIS LOOKS LIKE MY KIND OF CROWD!

I MEAN... WITH SO MUCH FUN TO BE HAD...

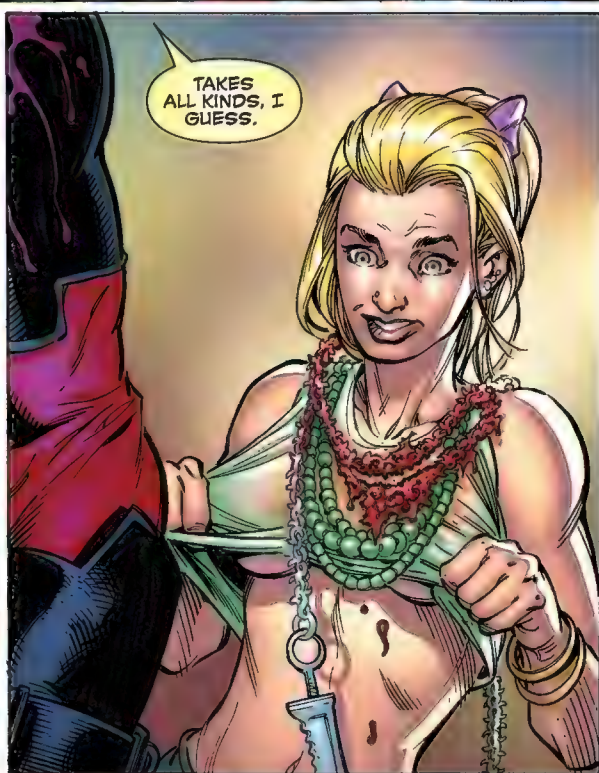
...WITH SO MUCH GOOD FOOD AND DRINK...

...WITH SO MANY--



--DISTRACTIONS...

...HOW COULD ANYONE DEDICATE THEIR LIVES TO THE TOTAL BUZZKILL OF THE ASSASSINATION GAME?



TAKES ALL KINDS, I GUESS.



SORRY, FRIENDO.

IT'S THE END OF THE LINE.

HARVESTER.
SPEEDSTER AND BLADESTER.

PARTY'S
OVER.

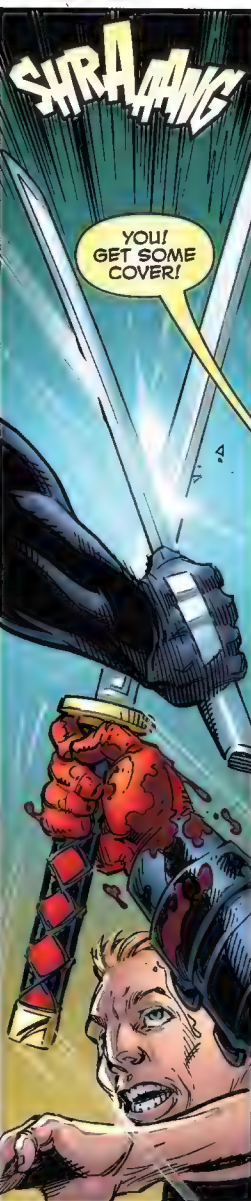
REALLY?

"FRIENDO,"
"END OF THE
LINE," AND
"PARTY'S
OVER"?

YOU
COULDN'T, LIKE,
PICK A LANE
WHEN
IT COMES TO
MACHO INTRO
LINES?



WHOA!
SLOW
DOWN THERE,
SPEEDY!



SHRAANG

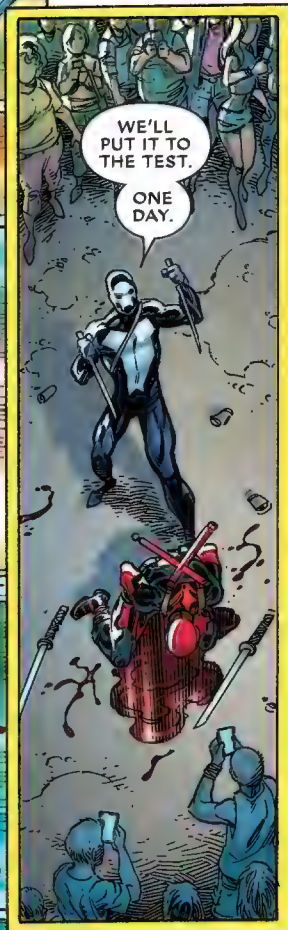
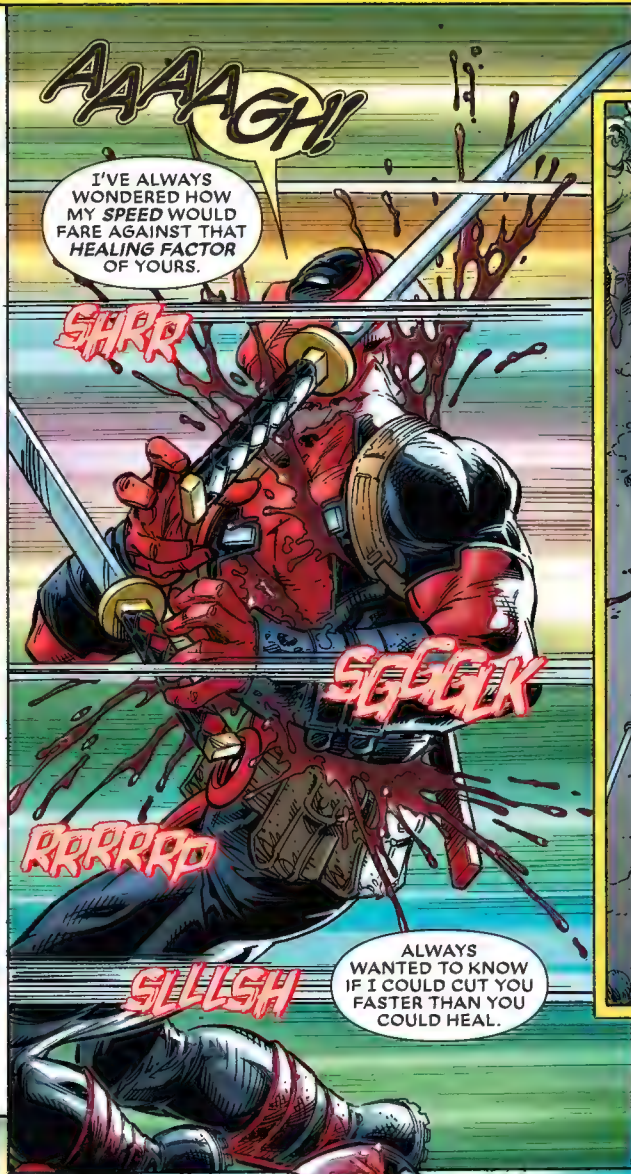
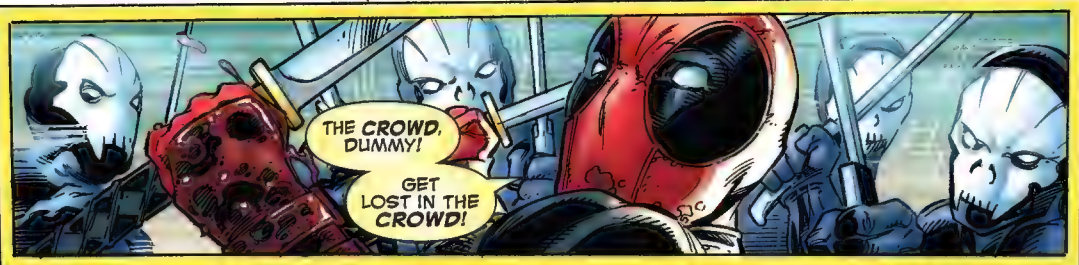
YOU!
GET SOME
COVER!

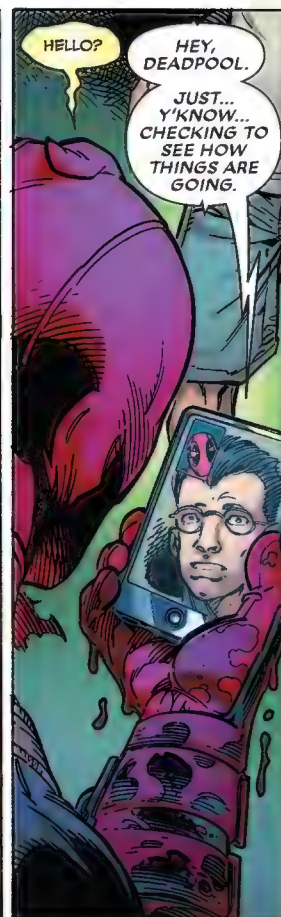


DUCK!
HIDE!

TAKE
IN A PEEP
SHOW!

JUST GET
OUT OF HERE
WHILE I HOLD
THIS GUY
OFF!







'SCUSE ME.

PARDON ME.

'SCUSE YOU.

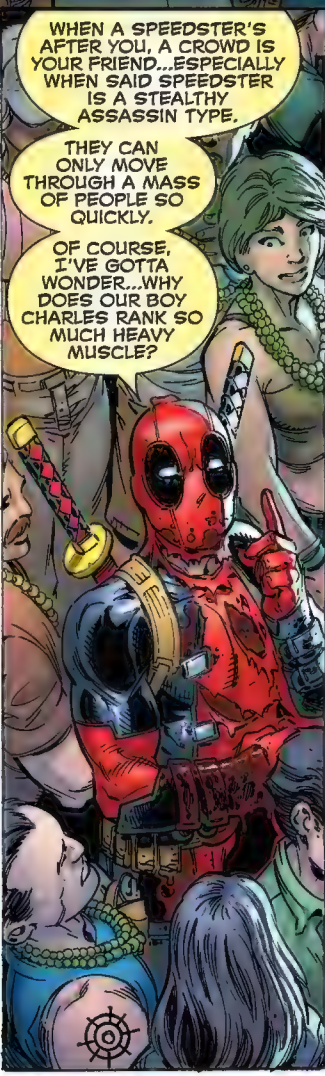
'SCUSE ME.



WHAT?

DON'T YOU START IN ON ME, TOO.

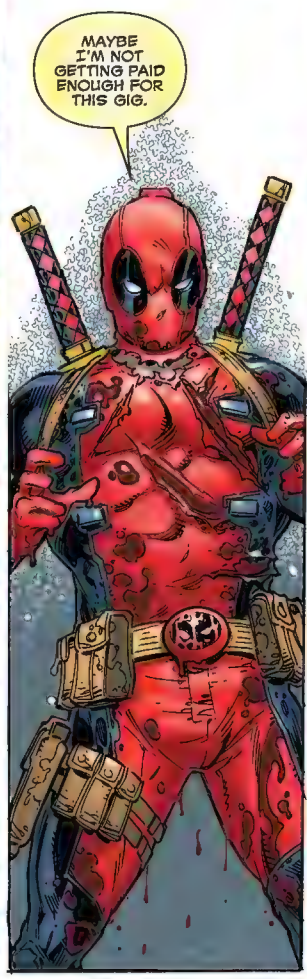
I GET ENOUGH MOTHERING FROM "THA WEEEEE-ZEL."



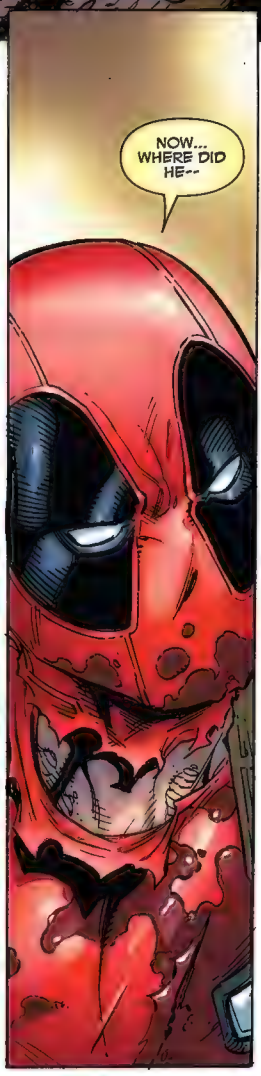
WHEN A SPEEDSTER'S AFTER YOU, A CROWD IS YOUR FRIEND...ESPECIALLY WHEN SAID SPEEDSTER IS A STEALTHY ASSASSIN TYPE.

THEY CAN ONLY MOVE THROUGH A MASS OF PEOPLE SO QUICKLY.

OF COURSE, I'VE GOTTA WONDER...WHY DOES OUR BOY CHARLES RANK SO MUCH HEAVY MUSCLE?

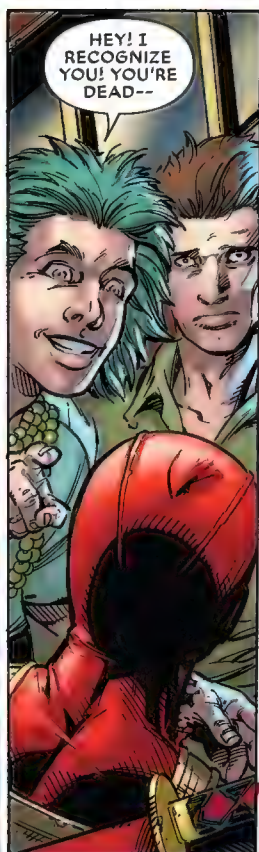
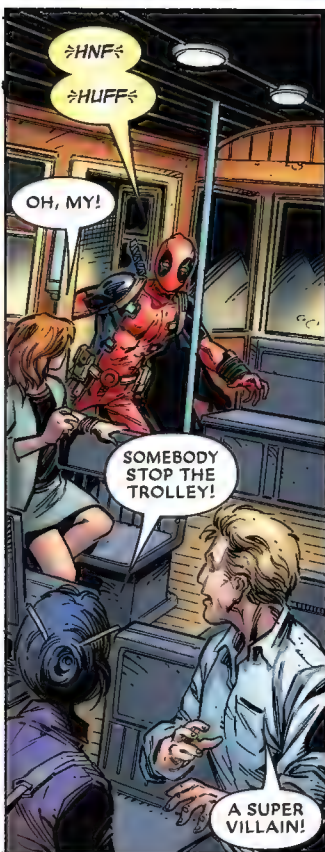


MAYBE I'M NOT GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS GIG.

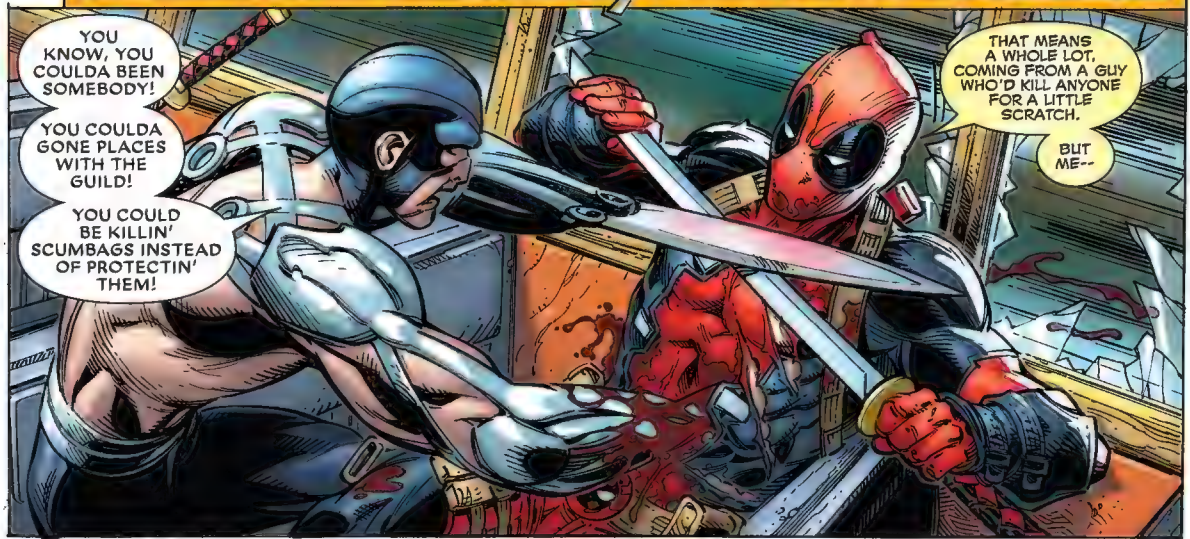


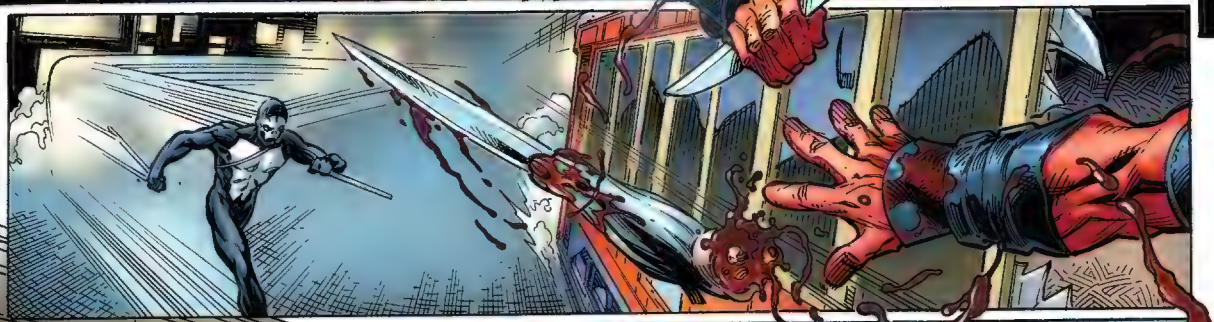
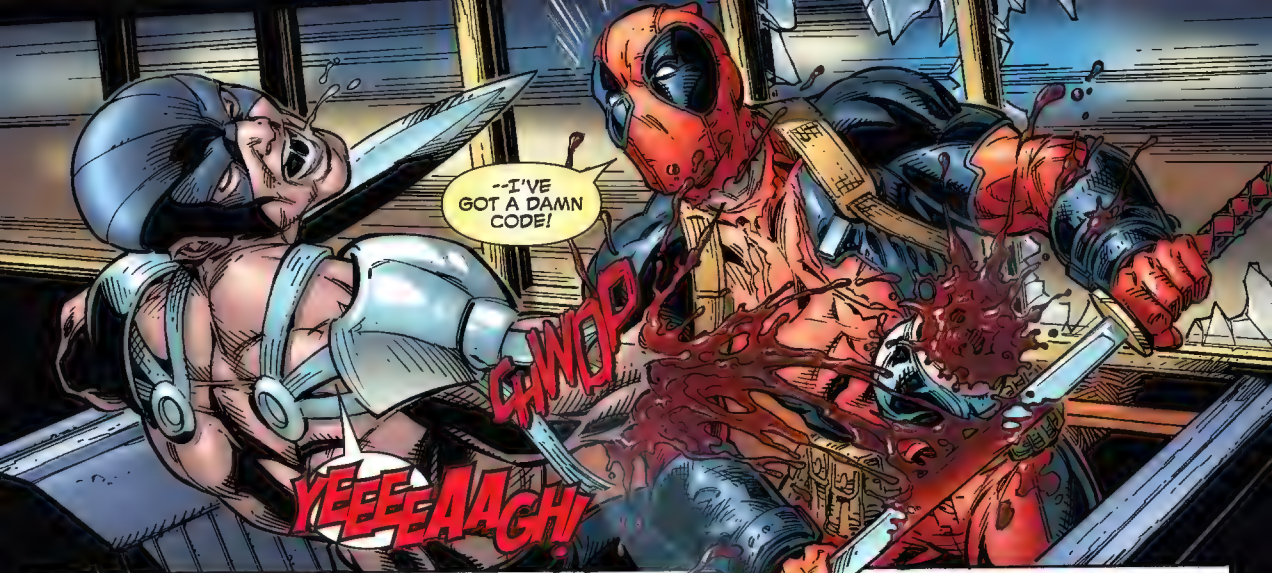
NOW... WHERE DID HE--

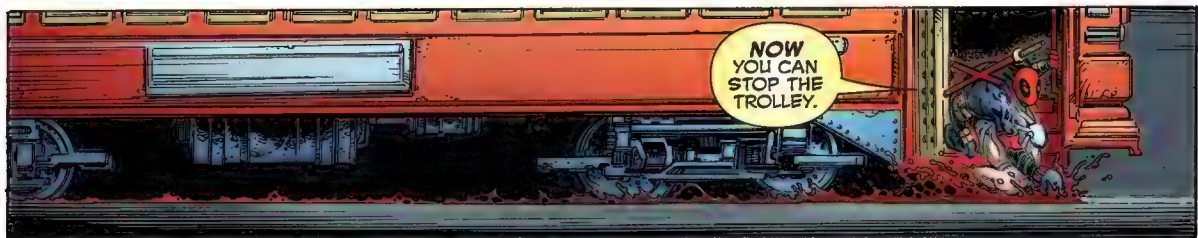


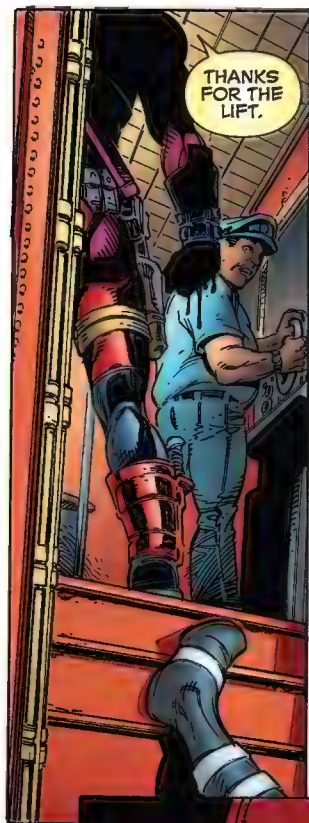




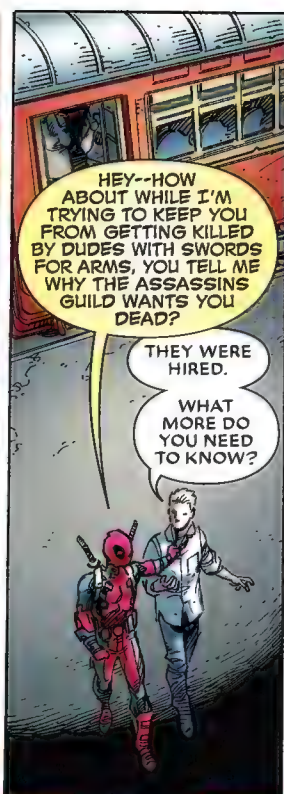








THANKS
FOR THE
LIFT.



HEY--HOW
ABOUT WHILE I'M
TRYING TO KEEP YOU
FROM GETTING KILLED
BY DUDES WITH SWORDS
FOR ARMS, YOU TELL ME
WHY THE ASSASSINS
GUILD WANTS YOU
DEAD?

THEY WERE
HIRED.

WHAT
MORE DO
YOU NEED
TO KNOW?



FAIR
ENOUGH.

BUT
WHY WERE
THEY HIRED?

WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

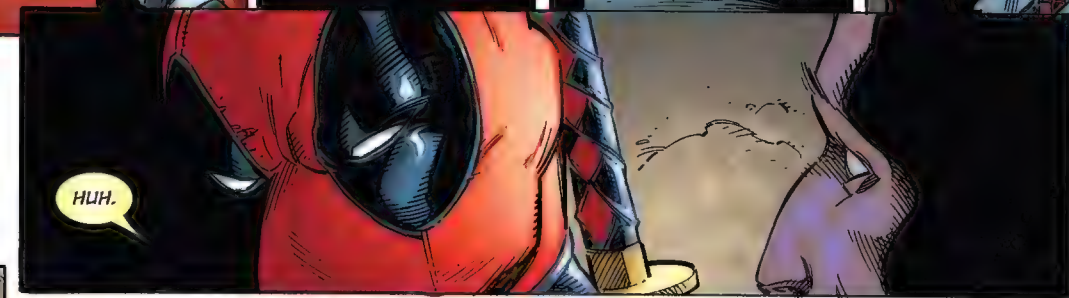


WE ALL
HAVE OUR
DEMONS,
YEAH?

YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND,
RIGHT?

SOMETIMES,
PEOPLE DIE FOR
THE SAKE OF
BUSINESS.

SOMETIMES,
THAT MEANS
KIDS DIE FOR
THE SAKE OF
BUSINESS.



HUH.



WE SHOULD
REALLY KEEP
MOVING.

IF WE CAN
JUST GET TO
A SAFE HOUSE OR
SOMETHING,
I'LL--

HEY,
WEASEL.

BAD
NEWS.



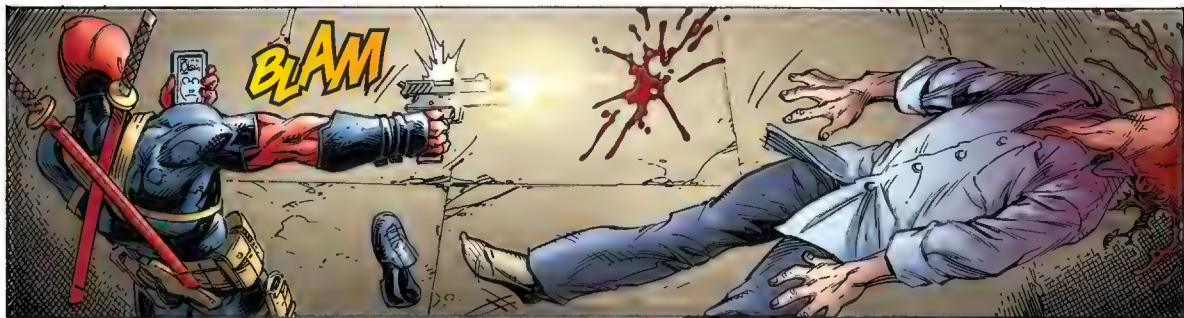
THEY
GOT HIM.

I THOUGHT
I COULD PROTECT
THE GUY...BUT I
COULDN'T.

I FAILED.

FAILED?

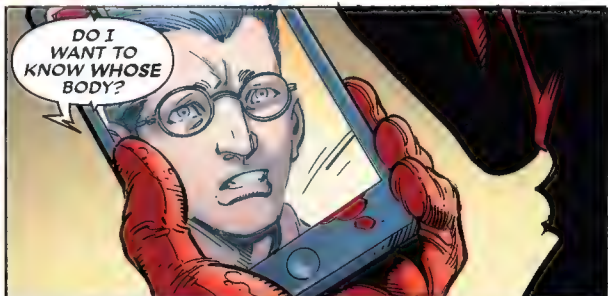
WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING--



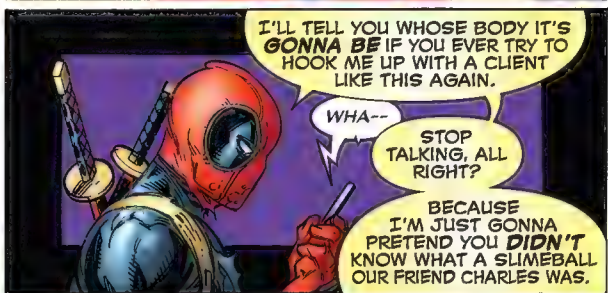
UH, WADE?
WHAT WAS THAT?

OH... THAT?
THAT WAS THE REPORT OF A GUN.

FOLLOWED BY THE THUD OF A BODY HITTING THE GROUND.



DO I WANT TO KNOW WHOSE BODY?

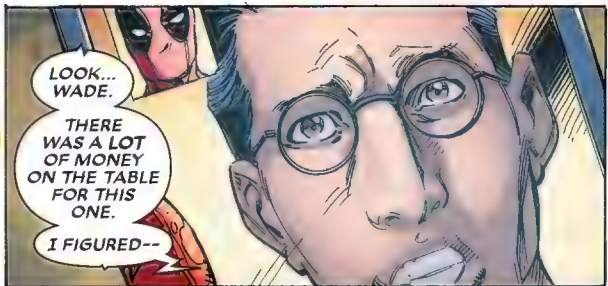


I'LL TELL YOU WHOSE BODY IT'S GONNA BE IF YOU EVER TRY TO HOOK ME UP WITH A CLIENT LIKE THIS AGAIN.

WHA--

STOP TALKING, ALL RIGHT?

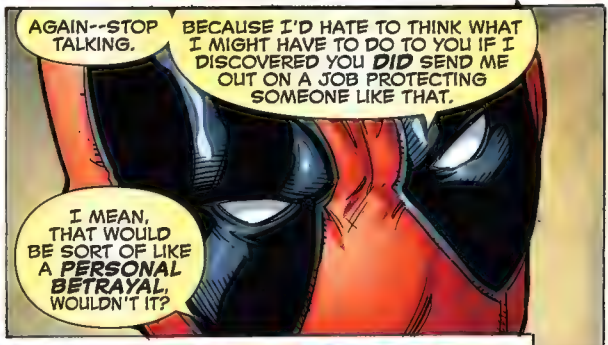
BECAUSE I'M JUST GONNA PRETEND YOU *DIDN'T* KNOW WHAT A SLIMEBALL OUR FRIEND CHARLES WAS.



LOOK... WADE.

THERE WAS A LOT OF MONEY ON THE TABLE FOR THIS ONE.

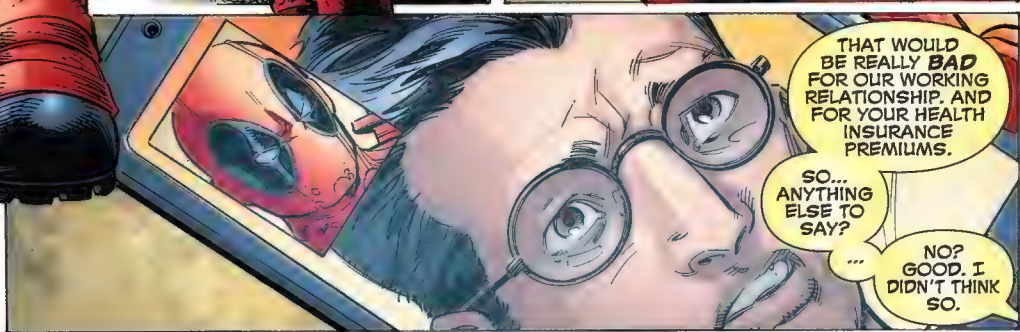
I FIGURED--



AGAIN--STOP TALKING.

BECAUSE I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT I MIGHT HAVE TO DO TO YOU IF I DISCOVERED YOU *DID* SEND ME OUT ON A JOB PROTECTING SOMEONE LIKE THAT.

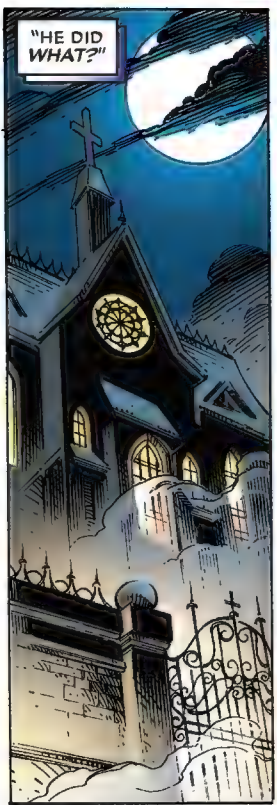
I MEAN, THAT WOULD BE SORT OF LIKE A **PERSONAL BETRAYAL**. WOULDN'T IT?



THAT WOULD BE REALLY **BAD** FOR OUR WORKING RELATIONSHIP, AND FOR YOUR HEALTH INSURANCE PREMIUMS.

SO... ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY?

NO? GOOD. I DIDN'T THINK SO.



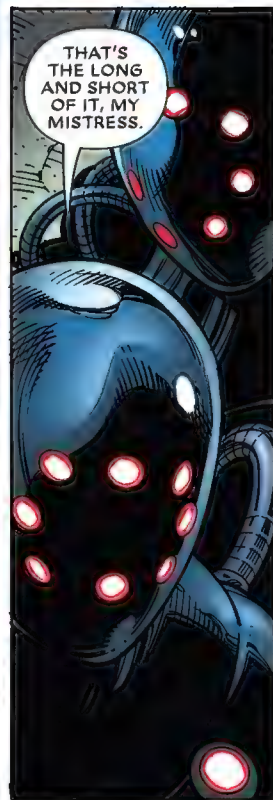
"HE DID WHAT?"

AM I TO BELIEVE THAT DEADPOOL KILLED THREE OF OUR BEST SPECIALISTS...

...AS WELL AS A NUMBER OF OUR LOYAL ACOLYTES...

...AND THEN MURDERED THE TARGET HE WAS PROTECTING ALL ALONG?

BELLADONNA BOUDREAUX.
LEADER OF THE ASSASSIN'S GUILD.



THAT'S THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT, MY MISTRESS.



DEADPOOL HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOO MUCH OF A WILD CARD FOR MY TASTES...

...BUT NOW...

...HE COMES TO MY CITY...

...AND HE INSULTS ME IN SUCH A WAY?

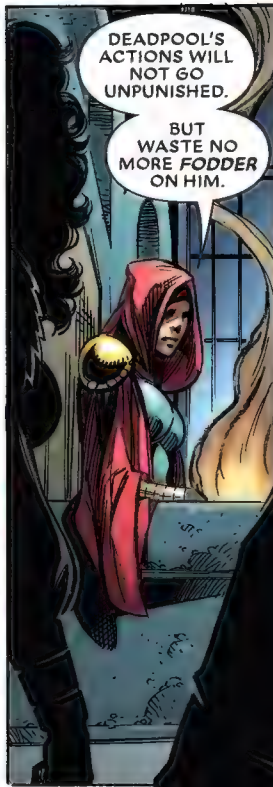


HE'S STILL IN THE CITY, MISTRESS.

ALL I NEED IS A SQUAD OF ACOLYTES.

WE COULD PAY HIM A VISIT... TEACH HIM NOT TO CROSS THE GUILD... MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM.

NO.



DEADPOOL'S ACTIONS WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED.

BUT WASTE NO MORE FODDER ON HIM.

THE HARKSPUR BROOD.

THE SIX OF YOU...WORKING IN CONCERT...SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH DEADPOOL QUITE DECISIVELY, YES?

THRENODY.

BLACKOUT.

GLADLY.



QUEENS,
NEW YORK.

LISTEN
TO ME,
WADE.

YOU WANT
TO BE **PISSED**
AT ME, FINE! BUT
JUST GET THE
HELL OUT OF
THERE!

YOU
CROSSED
THE **#\$%&**
ASSASSINS
GUILD.

AND THOSE
GUYS DO NOT TAKE
KINDLY TO THE TASTE
OF PEE IN THEIR
BRAN FLAKES.

THEY'LL
BE COMING
FOR YOU.

YOU KNOW,
WEEZ, AS MY
HANDLER, YOU'D THINK
YOU WOULD HAVE
SCOPED OUT MY
COMPETITION!

JUST LIKE
YOU **SHOULD**
HAVE KNOWN
THAT I DON'T TAKE
JOBS PROTECTING
TOILET SCUM.

ALL OF THIS,
IT'S ON YOU,
SPINELESS...AND IF
THE **ASSASSINS**
GUILD GETS ME, I'M
GONNA MAKE SURE
THEY KNOW
THAT.

COME ON,
WADE. YOU
DON'T MEAN
THAT. I WAS
TRYING TO--

JACK? ARE
YOU ON THE
PHONE? WHO
ARE YOU
TALKING TO?

UH...NO
ONE IMPORTANT,
HONEY. SOMEONE
TRYING TO SELL
COMMEMORATIVE
COINS OR
SOMETHING.

I SCREWED
UP, OKAY?

ALL THE
MONEY WE'RE
NOT GETTING PAID
FOR THIS JOB
SHOULD BE
PUNISHMENT
ENOUGH.

BUT WE
CAN DISCUSS IT
ONCE YOU GET
CLEAR OF NEW
ORLEANS.

AW, YOU'RE
REALLY **WORRIED**
ABOUT ME,
AREN'T YOU?

WELL,
DON'T BE.

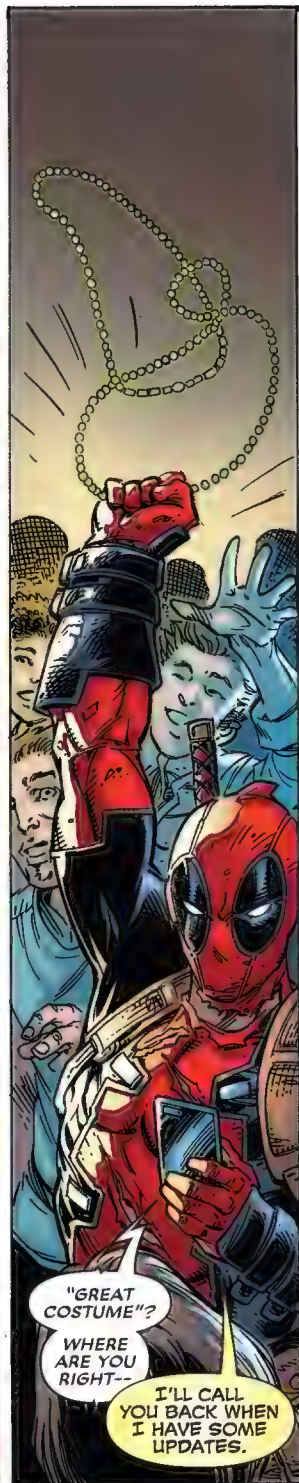
YOU'RE
DEALING WITH A
PROFESSIONAL
HERE.



I KNOW HOW TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.



WOOO!
GREAT DEADPOOL COSTUME!

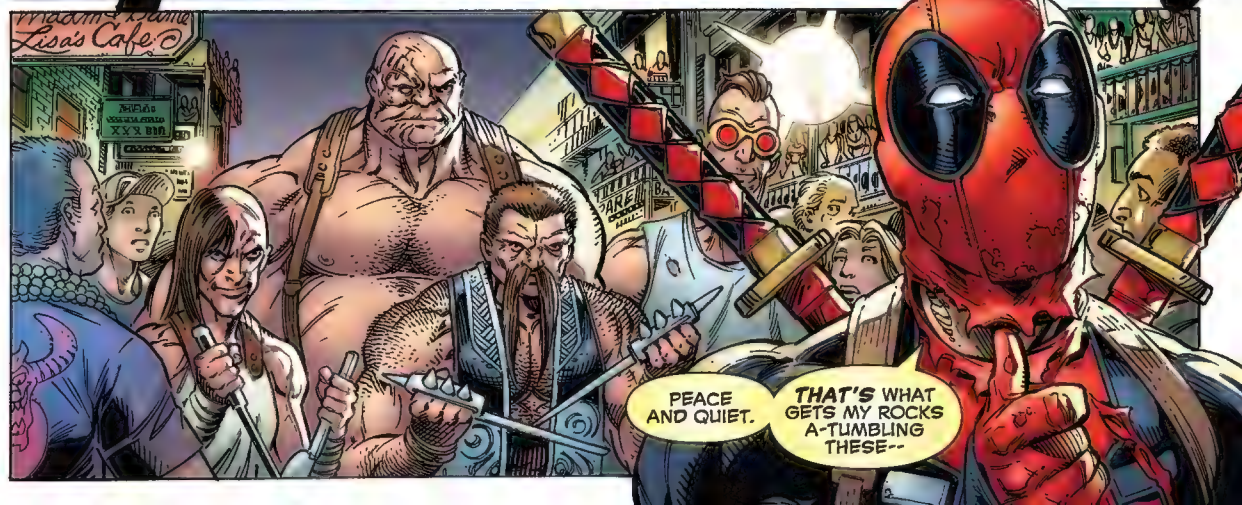
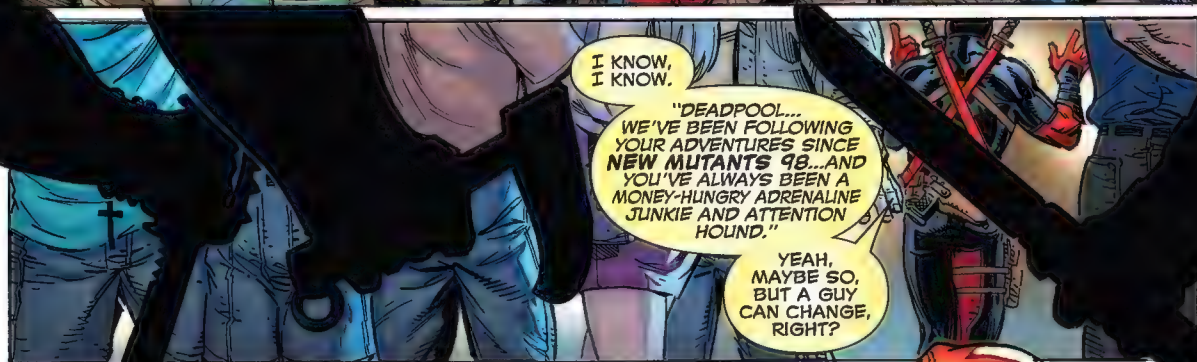
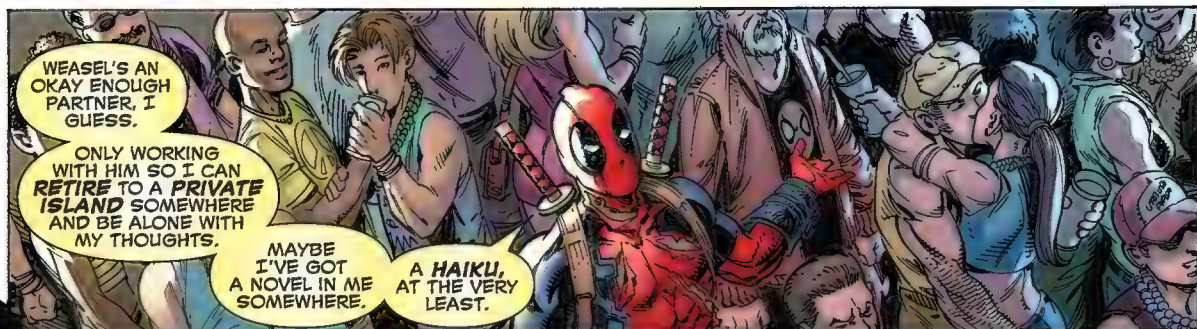
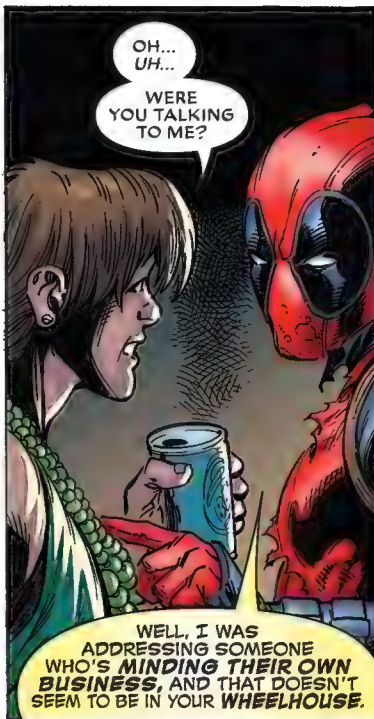


"GREAT COSTUME"?
WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT--

I'LL CALL YOU BACK WHEN I HAVE SOME UPDATES.



YEAH, SO...
"GREAT COSTUME."
I GUESS I'M KIND OF FAMOUS. HUH?





HOLD STILL, DEADPOOL!
HOLD STILL AN' WE'LL MAKE THIS QUICK!

NOW, COUSIN, DON'T GO A-MAKIN' PROMISES YOU CAN'T KEEP.

COO-COO-COO!

YIKES!



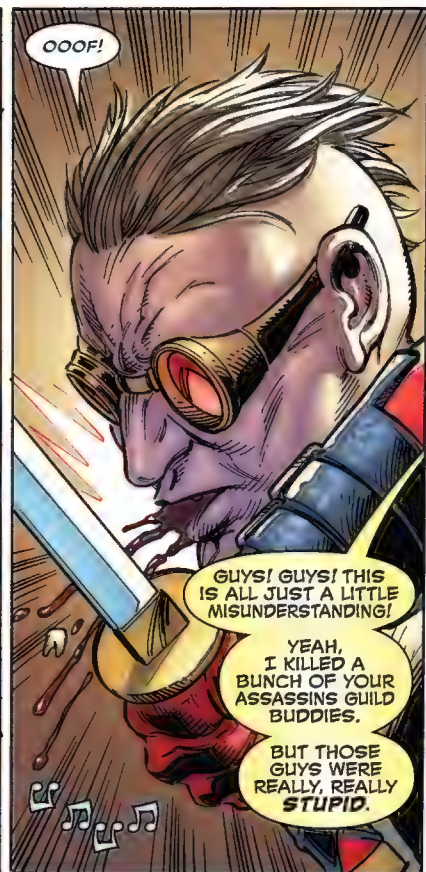
RUN! GET OUT OF HERE!

KILLER PARTY POOPERS!

IS THAT DEADPOOL?



WHOA!
NOT COOL, BROTHER!
YOU FELLAS KEEP TRYING TO STAB ME WITH CHAINSAWS AND I'M NOT GONNA BE DESIGNATED DRIVER TO THE HOG-CALLIN' CONTEST THIS YEAR!

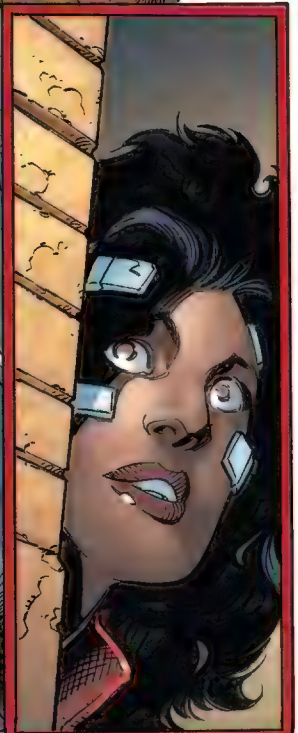
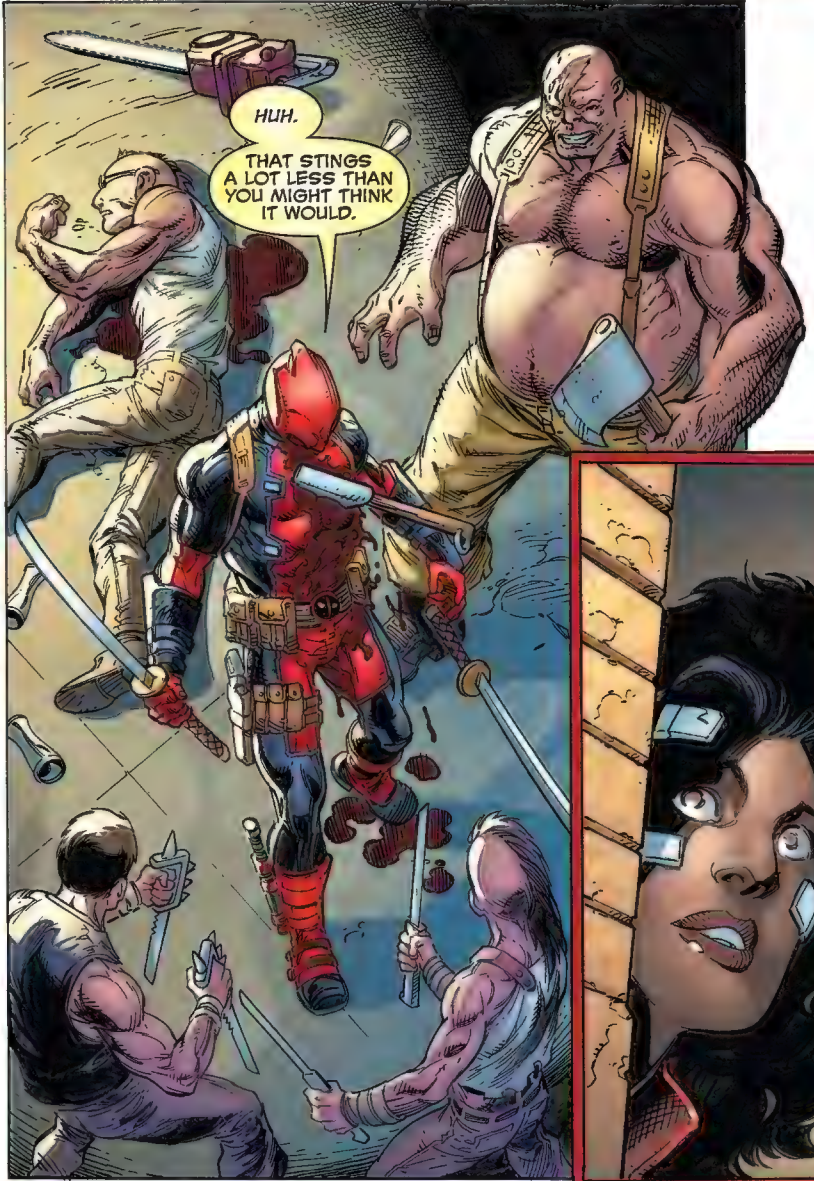
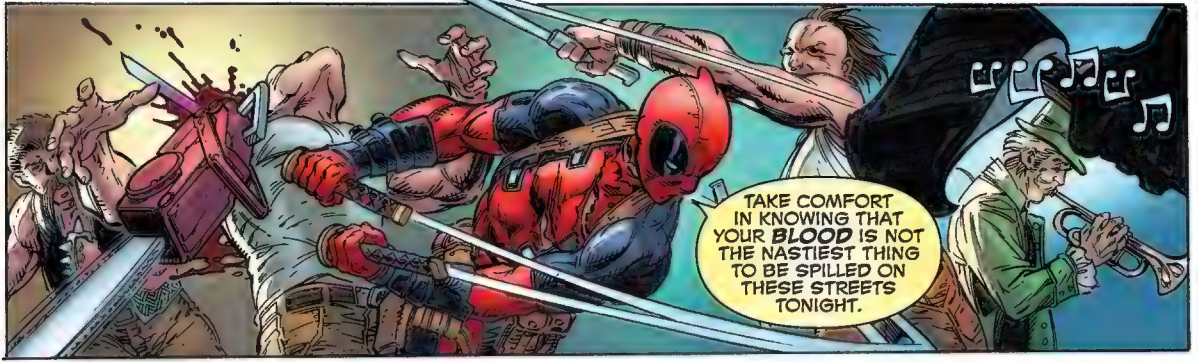


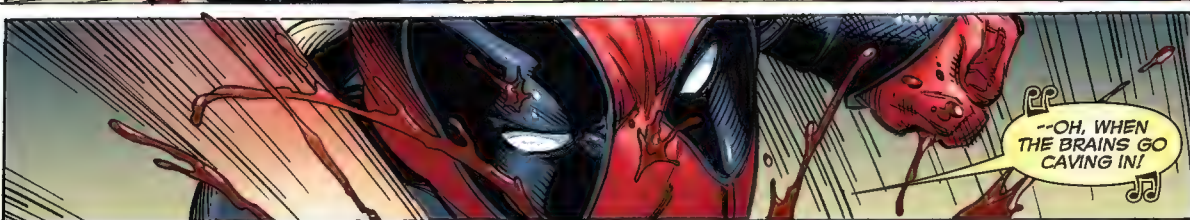
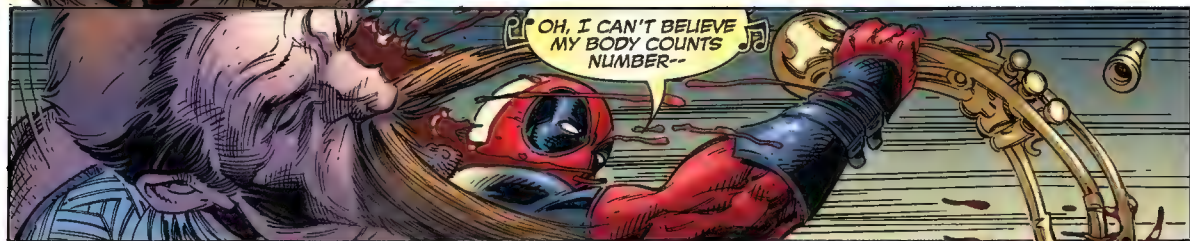
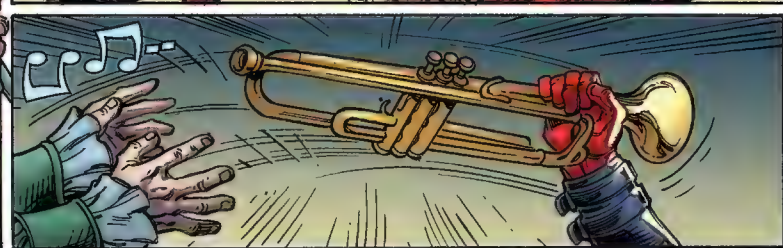
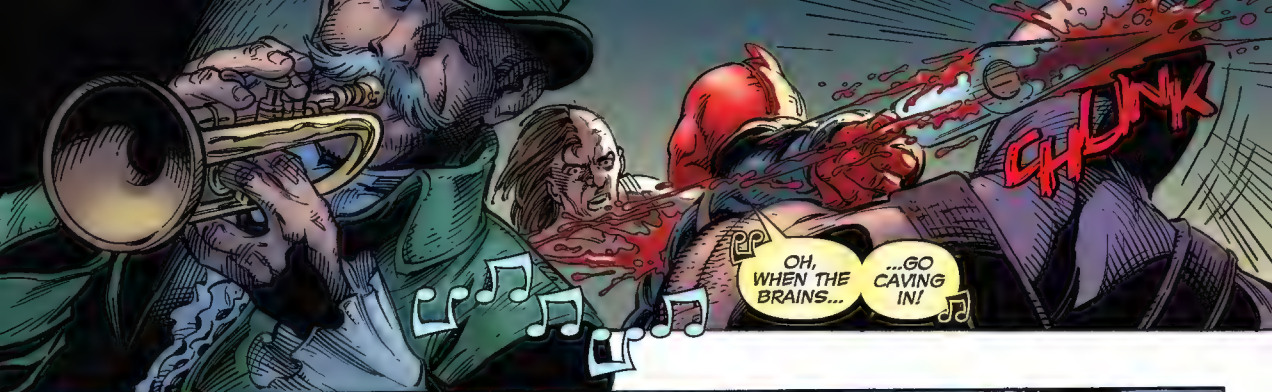
OOOF!

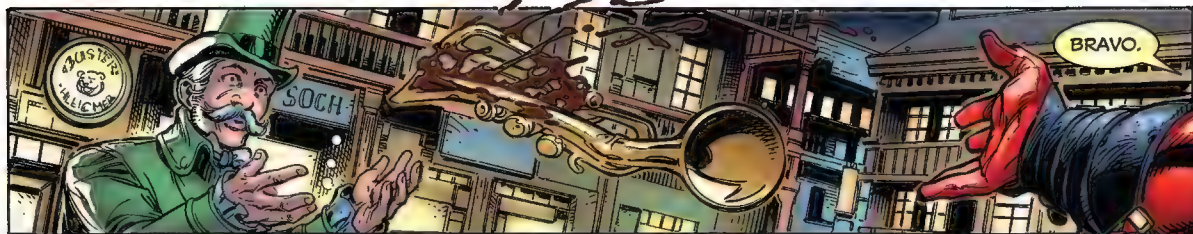
GUYS! GUYS! THIS IS ALL JUST A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING!
YEAH, I KILLED A BUNCH OF YOUR ASSASSINS GUILD BUDDIES.
BUT THOSE GUYS WERE REALLY, REALLY STUPID.



WHAT SAY I
BUY YOU FELLAS
SOME HURRICANES
AND WE TALK THIS
OUT LIKE DRUNKEN
GENTLEMEN?







BRAVO.

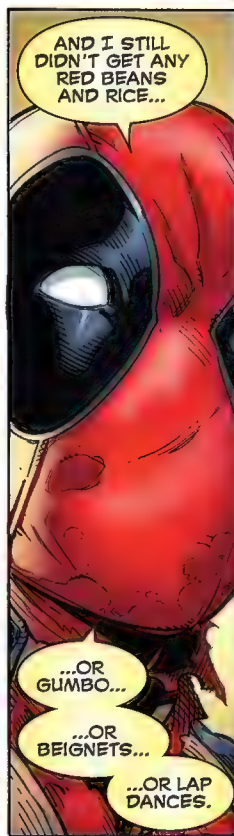


WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT THESE HILLBILLIES ARE THE **ONLY** HIRED GUNS COMING AFTER ME?



YEAH.

RHETORICAL QUESTION.



AND I STILL DIDN'T GET ANY RED BEANS AND RICE...

...OR GUMBO...

...OR BEIGNETS...

...OR LAP DANCES.



HEY!

HEY, YOU!

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WATCHING FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED ALLEY!

ARE YOU WITH THE GUILD?



BECAUSE I'D REALLY LOVE TO TALK TO--

RAAAAAAGGH!



LGGGGHUGH.

YUHHHHH.

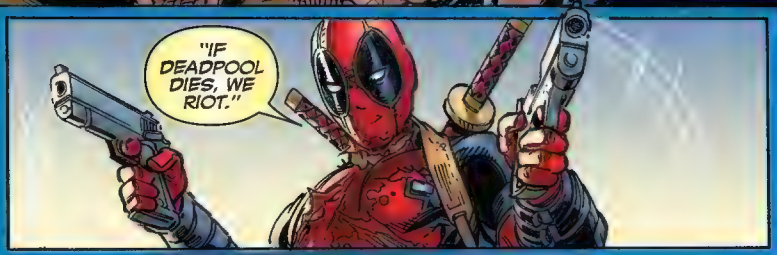
HNNNN.

UHHMMARROH.

AND I
THOUGHT YOU
GUYS SMELLED
BAD BEFORE
I KILLED
YOU.

NOW YOU'VE
GOT THAT "I
FILLED MY PANTS
WHEN I DIED, BUT
I'M BACK FOR
MORE" ZOMBIE
FUNK!

OH, WELL.
YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY
SAY.



"IF
DEADPOOL
DIES, WE
RIOT."



AND IT'S
NOT LIKE I
MIND KILLING
YOU ALL OVER
AGAIN.

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM



HEY!

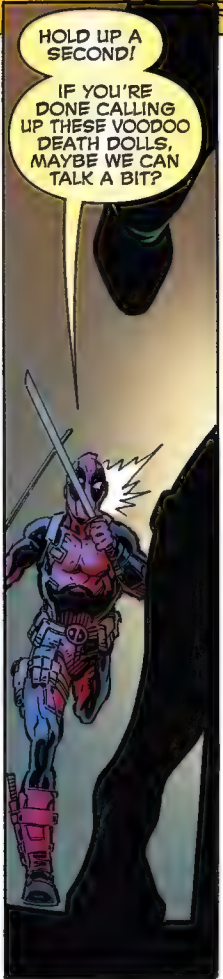
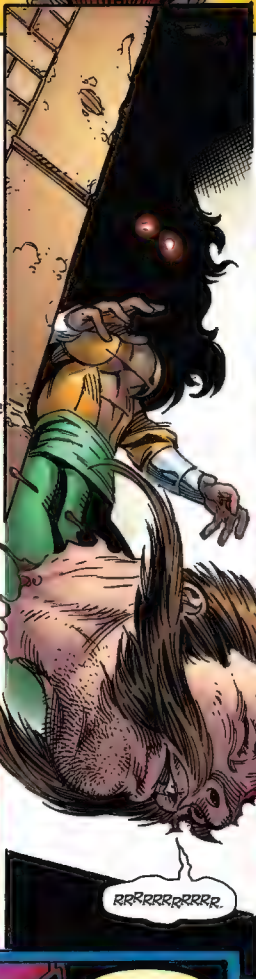
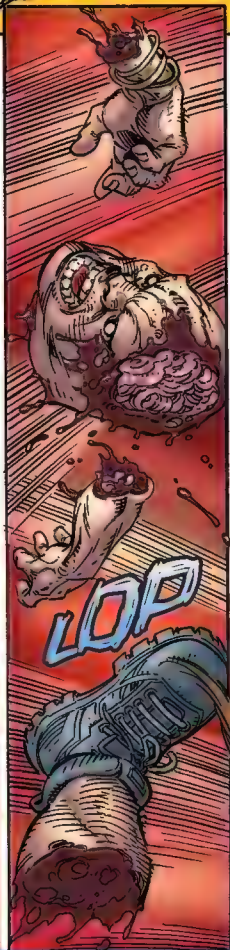
AREN'T YOU
GUYS SUPPOSE
TO DROP LIKE
SACKS OF
FRUIT PULP
WHEN I
SHOOT YOU IN
THE HEAD?



CLACK C-CLANK



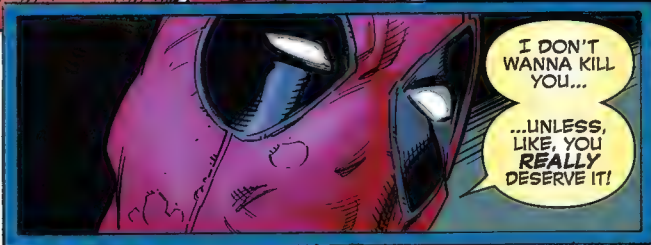
THEN AGAIN,
YOU DIDN'T REALLY
USE YOUR BRAINS
WHEN YOU WERE
ALIVE, EITHER,
HUH?



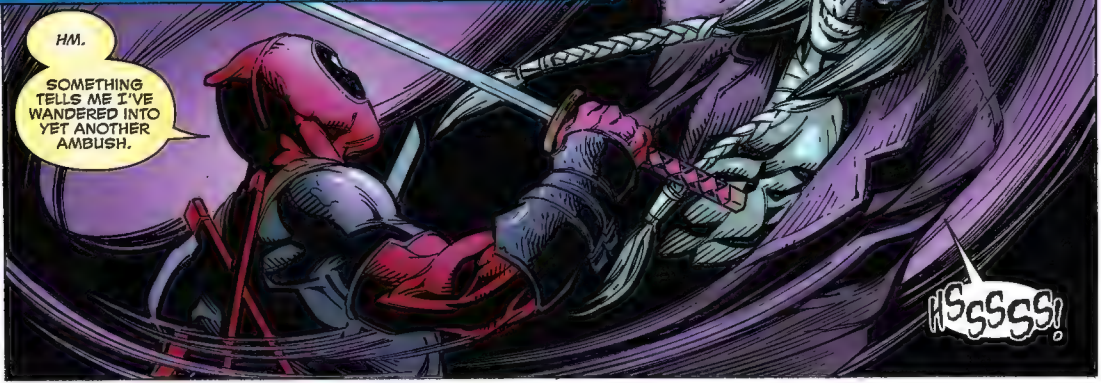
HOLD UP A
SECOND!
IF YOU'RE
DONE CALLING
UP THESE VOODOO
DEATH DOLLS,
MAYBE WE CAN
TALK A BIT?

HEY,
LADY!

RRRRRRRRRR



I DON'T
WANNA KILL
YOU...
...UNLESS,
LIKE, YOU
REALLY
DESERVE IT!



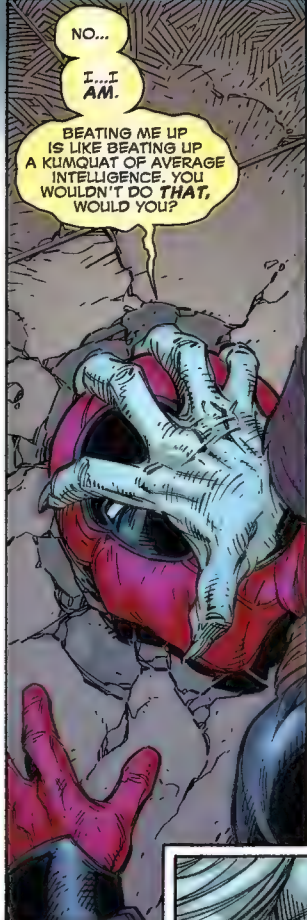
HM.
SOMETHING
TELLS ME I'VE
WANDERED INTO
YET ANOTHER
AMBUSH.

HSSSSS!

THUMP



MAYBE YOU AIN'T AS STUPID AS YOU LOOK!



NO...

I...I AM.

BEATING ME UP IS LIKE BEATING UP A KUMQUAT OF AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE. YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT, WOULD YOU?



OH, YOU BET I WOULD.

SLAM



YOU...

...YOU AIN'T NO...

...LESTAT...

...YOU AIN'T NOTHING...



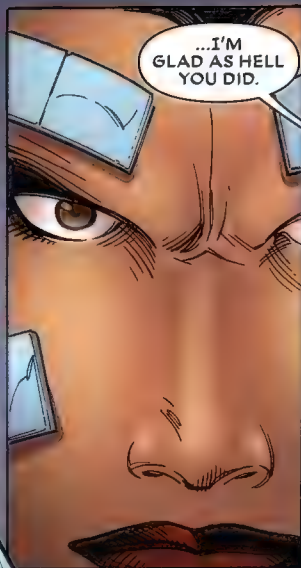
KRNNNGH



YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME
HERE.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE TRIED TO
SPOIL GUILD
BUSINESS.

BUT NOW...
SEEING YOU
LIKE THIS...



...I'M
GLAD AS HELL
YOU DID.



I COME
F-FROM THE
FUTURE...WITH
A DIRE
WARNING...

...THE
ASSASSINS
GUILD HAS BEEN
HIRING TOO
MANY SCARY
REDNECKS...

...AND THE
INBREEDING
IS OUT OF
CONTROL...

...IN
THE FUTURE...
YOU'RE YOUR
OWN VAMPIRIC
GRANDPA...



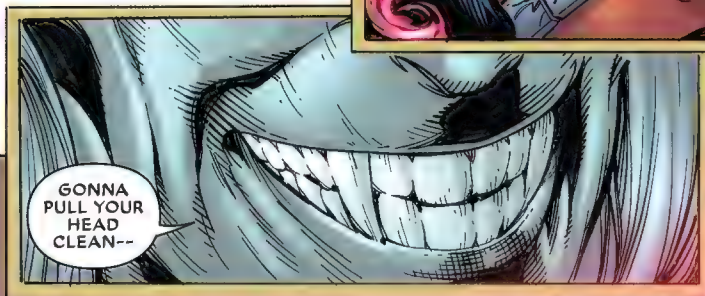
WHAM



GET ON
OVER HERE,
THRENODY.

YOU'RE
GONNA WANT
TO FEED ON
THIS.

THIS OLD
BOY--





STOP TALKING,
BLACKOUT.

STOP OR
I'LL FINISH
THE JOB.

EITHER
THAT--

--OR HE
WILL.

Y-YOU...

...WHY'D
YOU...

...TR-
TREACHEROUS
WITCH...

I'M
LETTING
YOU LIVE.

I'M
REPAYING
THE LIFE YOU
GAVE ME.

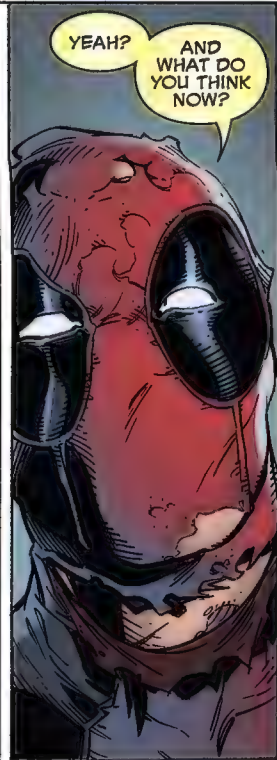
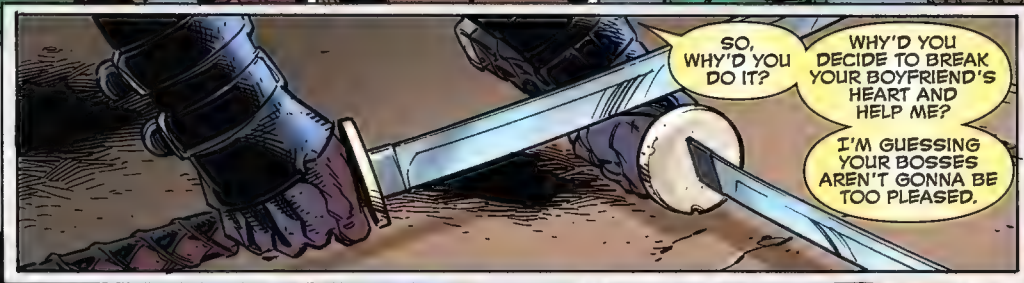
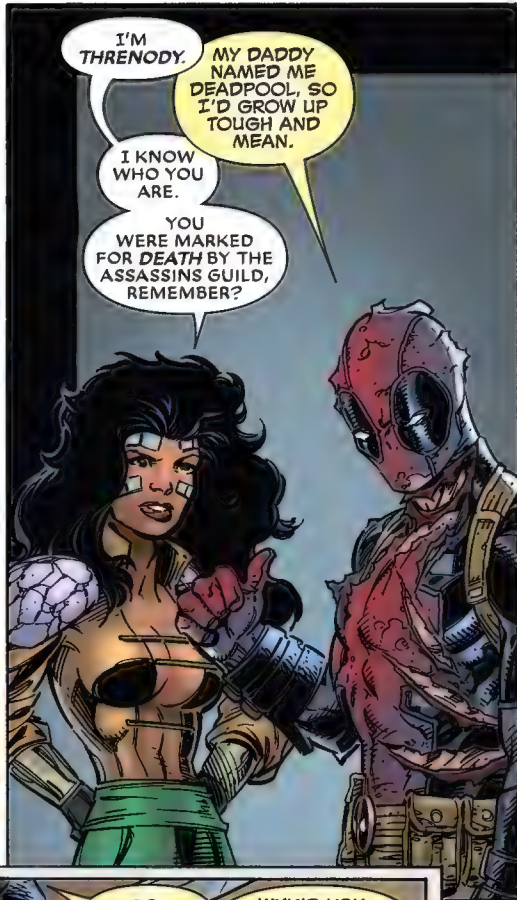
BUT
THAT'S IT.

AFTER THIS,
I OWE YOU
NOTHING.

TR-TRADING
UP, HUH?

SUITS
ME J- JUST
FINE.

HE
CAN HAVE
YOU.





COOL
YOUR JETS,
SISTER.

WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF
OUR ONLINE DATING
PROFILES ARE A
MATCH YET.

YOU'RE
CUTE AND ALL,
BUT I'M LOOKING
FOR SOMETHING A
LITTLE MORE THAN
ANOTHER NOTCH
ON MY OL'
BEDPOST.

THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I MEANT.

I KID,
I KID!

THAT'S
WHAT I DO
TO BREAK
THE ICE,
Y'KNOW?

OR WHEN I'M
NERVOUS, OR
WHEN I'M KILLING
FOOLS.

IT'S
JUST...WHAT
I DO.

OF COURSE,
IF WE'RE GOING
TO HELP EACH OTHER,
WE NEED TO ADDRESS
THE 900-POUND
ASSASSIN IN
THE ROOM.

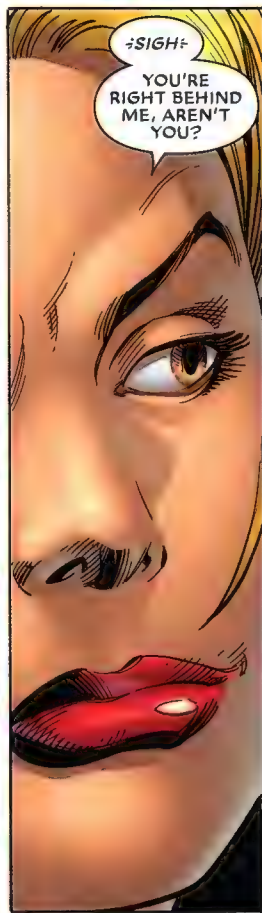
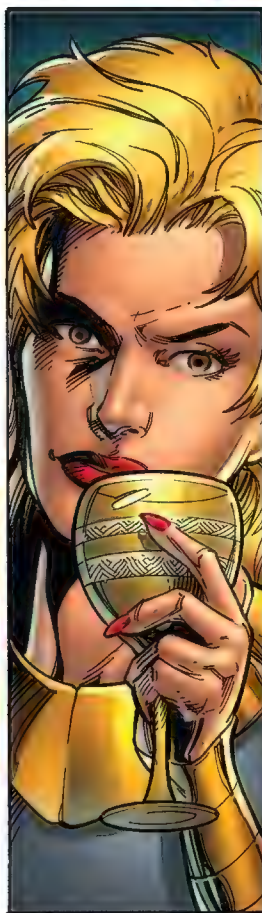
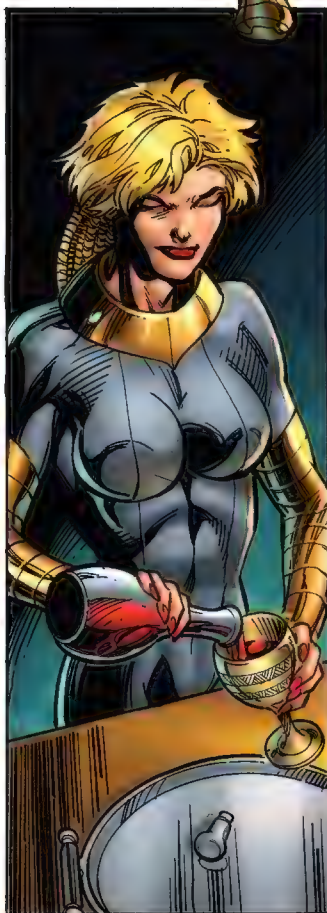
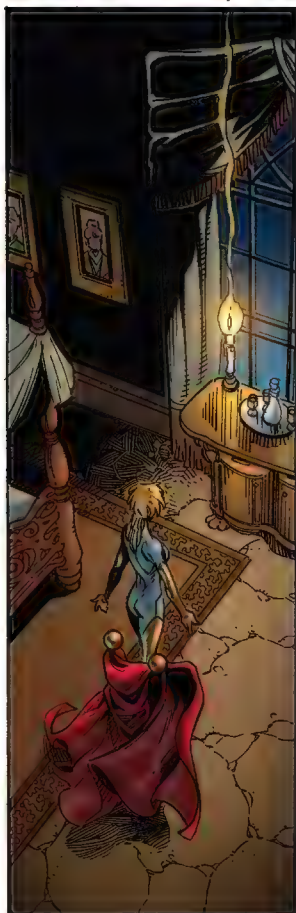
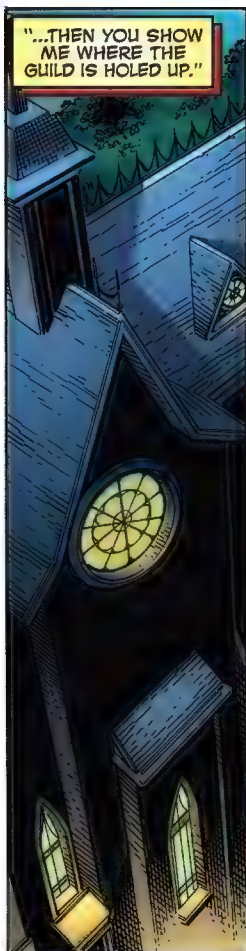
THE GUILD
ISN'T GONNA
JUST LET
ME GO.

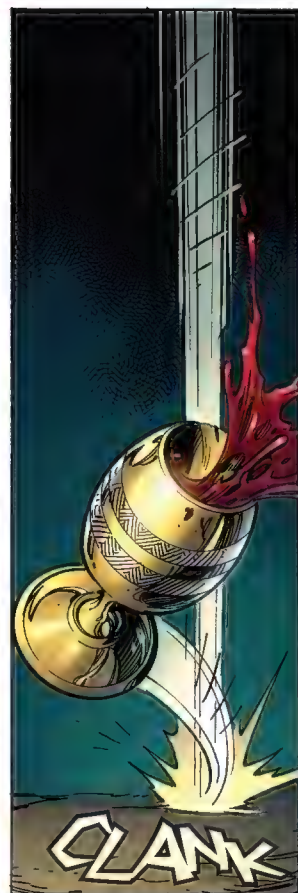
AND I
BET THEY'VE
ALREADY GOT
THEIR CROSSHAIRS
TRAINED ON
YOU, TOO.

WHAT IS
IT THAT YOU
WANT?

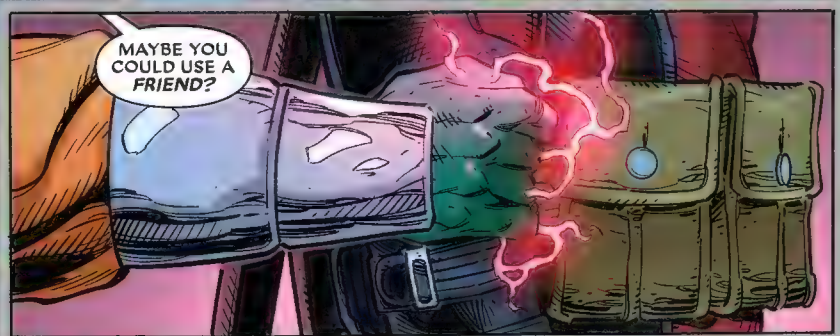
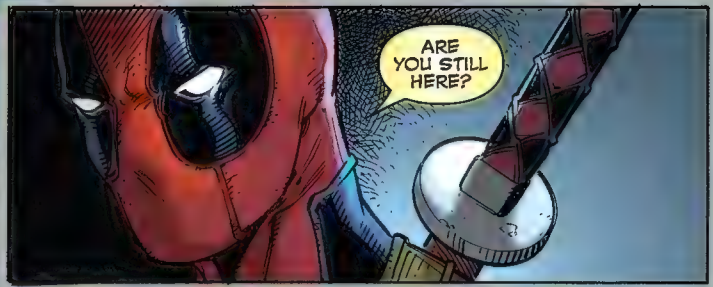
TELL
YA WHAT,
THREN.

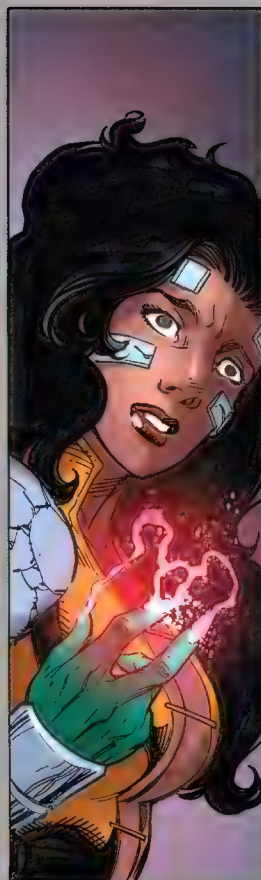
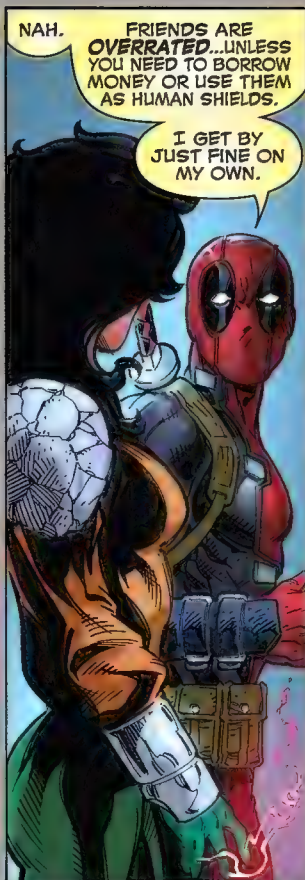
FIRST, WE
LET MY BONES
AND INTERNAL
ORGANS KNIT
THEMSELVES
BACK
TOGETHER...















WHO THE
#\$%@ DOES
DEADPOOL THINK
HE'S DEALING
WITH?

I AM THE
LEADER OF
THE ASSASSINS
GUILD!

I WILL
NOT BE
THREATENED!

I WILL
NOT CONSIDER
HIS BARGAINS!

I WANT
HIM DEAD!

I WANT HIM
TO KNOW THAT
IT WAS THE GUILD
THAT ENDED
HIM!

ABOVE
ALL--I WANT
HIM TO
SUFFER!

AND...JUST
BECAUSE HE'S
PISSED ME
OFF...

...ANYONE
ASSOCIATED
WITH WADE
WILSON DIES,
TOO...

...STARTING
WITH HIS
HANDLER AND
THE TRAITOR,
THRENDODY.

STANDARD
RATES APPLY.

BONUSES
FOR HIS
PAIN AND
SUFFERING.

MAKE IT
HAPPEN.

Mission: Retrieve sample of Super-Soldier Serum variant from Project Gladiator site.

Fee: \$500,000.



OH, HELLO THERE!

I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS BEING VOYEURÉD.

WELL, SINCE YOU'RE BEING PEEPING TOMS AND TOMASINAS, I'M GUESSING YOU ALREADY KNOW--I'M DEADPOOL.

HOLD STILL, BIG FELLA!

HOLD STILL!

THIS WILL ONLY STING FOR A SECOND!

A.K.A. THE MERC WITH A MOUTH.

A.K.A. SWEET DADDY DANGER.

Mission: Interrupt Mojo TV prime time broadcast.

Fee: \$250,000.



YOU IDIOT!

DON'T YOU KNOW I COULD MAKE YOU A STAR?!

Mission: Acquire bust of Hippolyta from Amazonian temple.

Fee: \$250,000.
(Waived because--y'know--Amazons.)

THAT STATUE REALLY DOESN'T DO YOU JUSTICE.

IF YOU WANT TO BREAK ME OR WHATEVER, DO YOUR WORST.

BUT MAYBE WE CAN GRAB A CUP OF COFFEE OR TAKE A DIP IN A HOT TUB FULL OF OLIVE OIL ONCE THIS UNPLEASANTNESS IS FINISHED?

UH...

I DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS GUY!

YOU CAUGHT ME IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ACTION MONTAGE.

YOU SEE, I'VE DECIDED TO RETIRE FROM THE **MERC GAME**, BUT I WANT TO GO OUT ON TOP.

SO, I'VE BEEN TAKIN' AS MANY HIGH-DOLLAR GIGS AS I CAN.

RETIREMENT COMMUNITIES IN **TIKI-TIKI LAND** AIN'T CHEAP!

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

MY **IMAGINARY GIRLFRIEND**.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW HER.

SHE'S FROM CANADA.

Mission: Eliminate Hand cell in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Fee: \$1,000,000.



HEY!

I'LL
BRING IT
RIGHT
BACK!
I
PROMISE!

Mission: Acquire
Venom symbiote.

Fee: \$1,000,000.

Mission: Destroy the
Darkhold, an ancient
grimoire of spells.

Fee: \$1,000,000.
(Mission failed
due to mystical
frogmorgification.)

STOP HOPPING
AROUND!

I'LL TAKE
YOU TO DOCTOR
STRANGE TO
UNDO THIS!

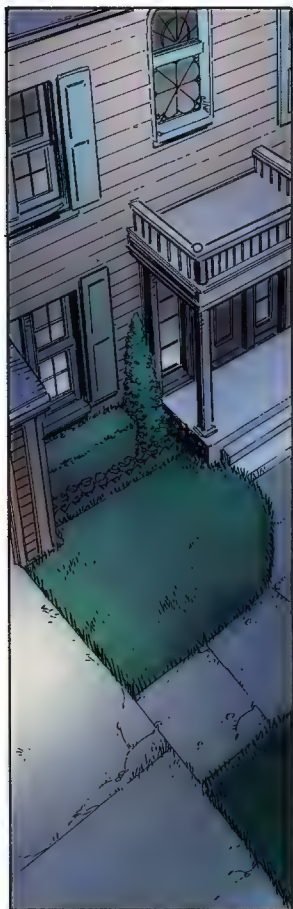
THESE DAYS,
I'M ACCOMPANIED
ON THESE MISSIONS
BY MY GIRL
THRENODY.

THE
RELATIONSHIP'S
TOTALLY
PLATONIC.

EXCEPT,
I GUESS, THAT
SHE FEEDS OFF
ALL THE DEATH
THAT SURROUNDS
ME.



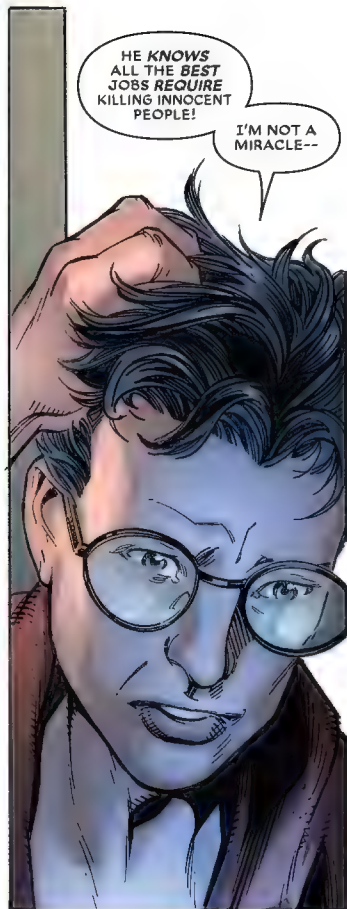
»RIBBIT«



"GET ME SOME MORE JOBS," HE SAYS.

"I WANT A BEACH HOUSE," HE SAYS.

"I DON'T WANT TO KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE," HE SAYS.

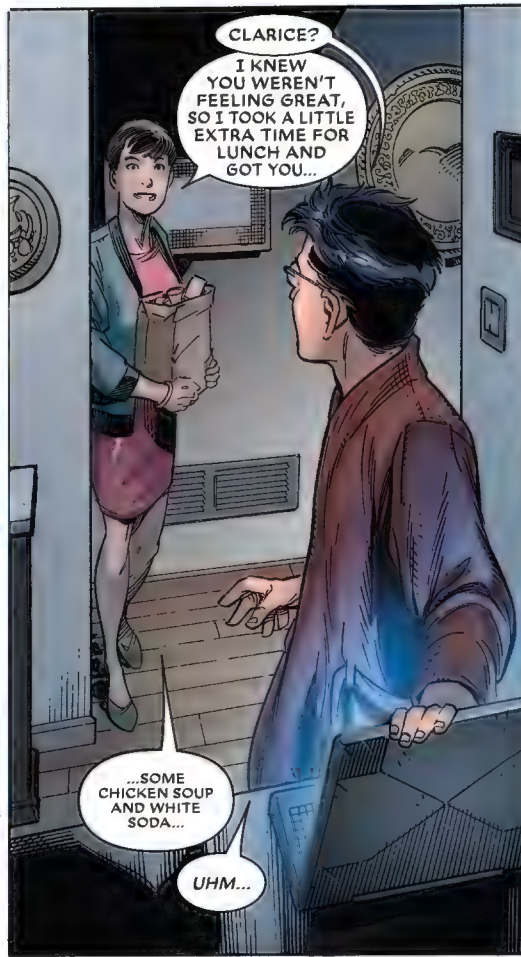


HE KNOWS ALL THE BEST JOBS REQUIRE KILLING INNOCENT PEOPLE!

I'M NOT A MIRACLE--



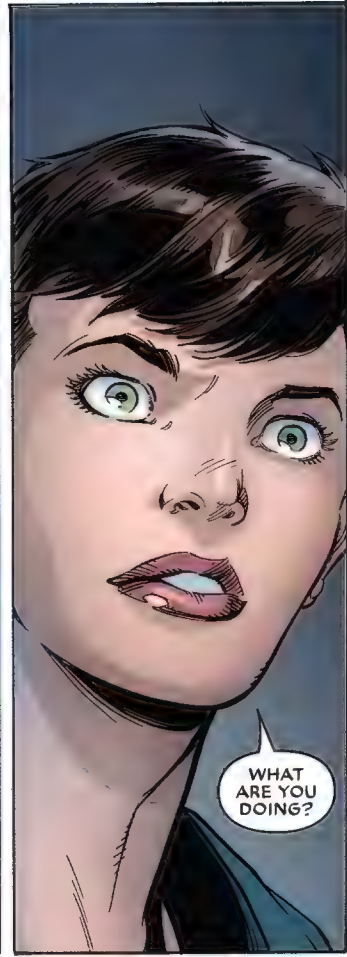
JACK? JACK--I'M HOME!



CLARICE?
I KNEW YOU WEREN'T FEELING GREAT, SO I TOOK A LITTLE EXTRA TIME FOR LUNCH AND GOT YOU...

...SOME CHICKEN SOUP AND WHITE SODA...

UHM...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Mission: Assassinate
time-lost wizard
hiding in Weirdworld.

Fee: \$750,000.

OH, MIGHTY
**SORROW-
BLADE!**

DRINK
DEEP OF BLOOD
AND SPECTRAL
FURY...

...BEFORE
THRENODY
GETS IT
ALL.

SO...MUCH...
DEATH...

...SO MANY
SOULS...

...I NEVER
IMAGINED...

AS YOU
KNOW IF YOU
READ LAST ISSUE,
I'VE GOT A
CODE.

BASICALLY,
I ONLY KILL
JACKASSES.

LUCKILY,
THERE ARE
PLENTY OF
THEM TO GO
AROUND.

Mission: Overthrow
despotic space
barony.

Fee: \$500,000
(Earth equivalent).

HOW MANY
OF THESE DESPOT
TYPES DO YOU GUYS
HAVE IN SPACE,
ANYHOW?

BECAUSE
WE COULD WORK
OUT SOME SORT
OF ANNUAL
MAINTENANCE
PLAN OR
SOMETHING.

KILL THREE
DESPOTS.
GET THE FOURTH
WHACKED FOR
FREE.

Mission: Steal demon-
entity from the
Monsters of Evil.

Fee: \$250,000.

Mission: Test viability
of new Murderworld
installation.

Fee: \$600,000.

I ALSO
DON'T LIKE
TAKING JOBS
FROM BAD
PEOPLE.

WELLLLL.

THAT'S MORE
OF A LOOSE
GUIDELINE
THAN A RULE.

WHATEVER
YOU DO, DON'T
LOOK BACK!

ARE THEY
RIGHT BEHIND
US?

I FEEL
LIKE THEY'RE
RIGHT BEHIND
US!

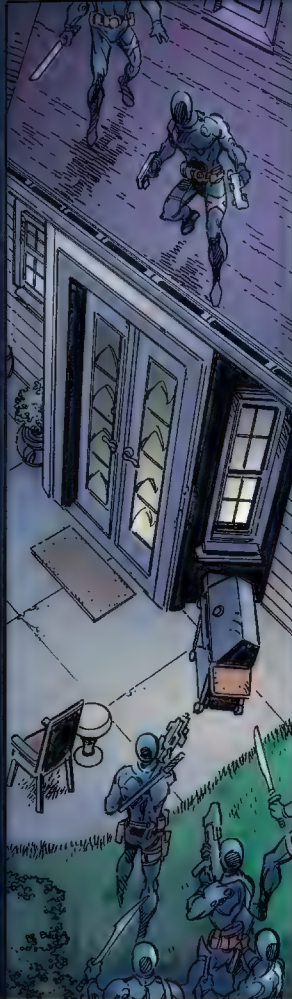
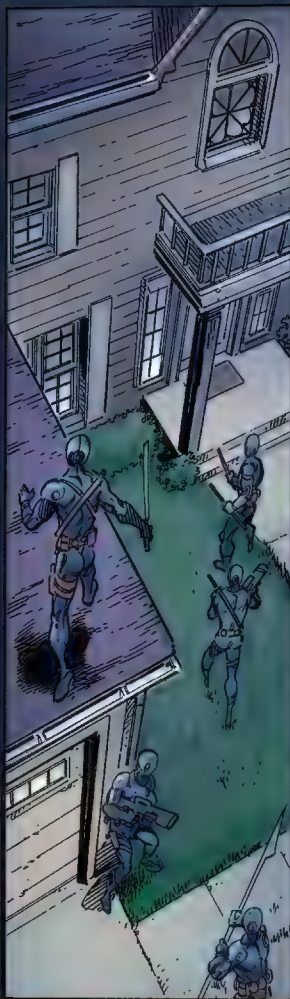
WHAT'S
THE SAFE
WORD?

I FORGOT
THE SAFE
WORD!



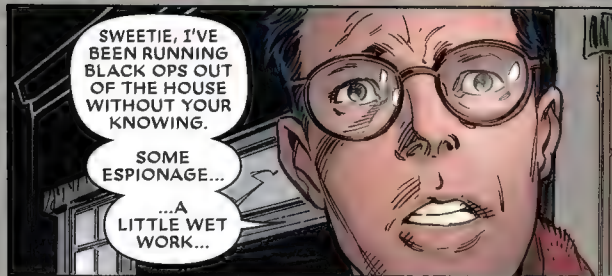


"SOMEONE BYPASSED THE SYSTEM!"



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

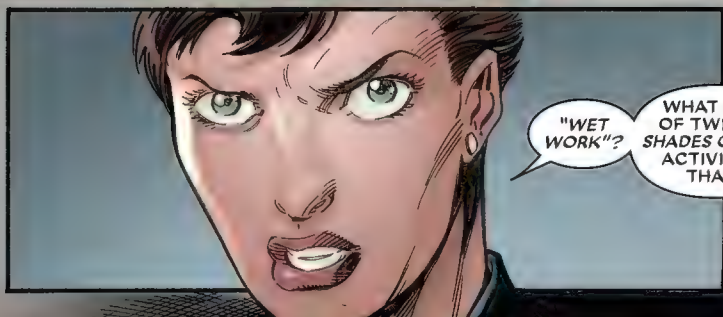
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?



SWEETIE, I'VE BEEN RUNNING BLACK OPS OUT OF THE HOUSE WITHOUT YOUR KNOWING.

SOME ESPIONAGE...

...A LITTLE WET WORK...

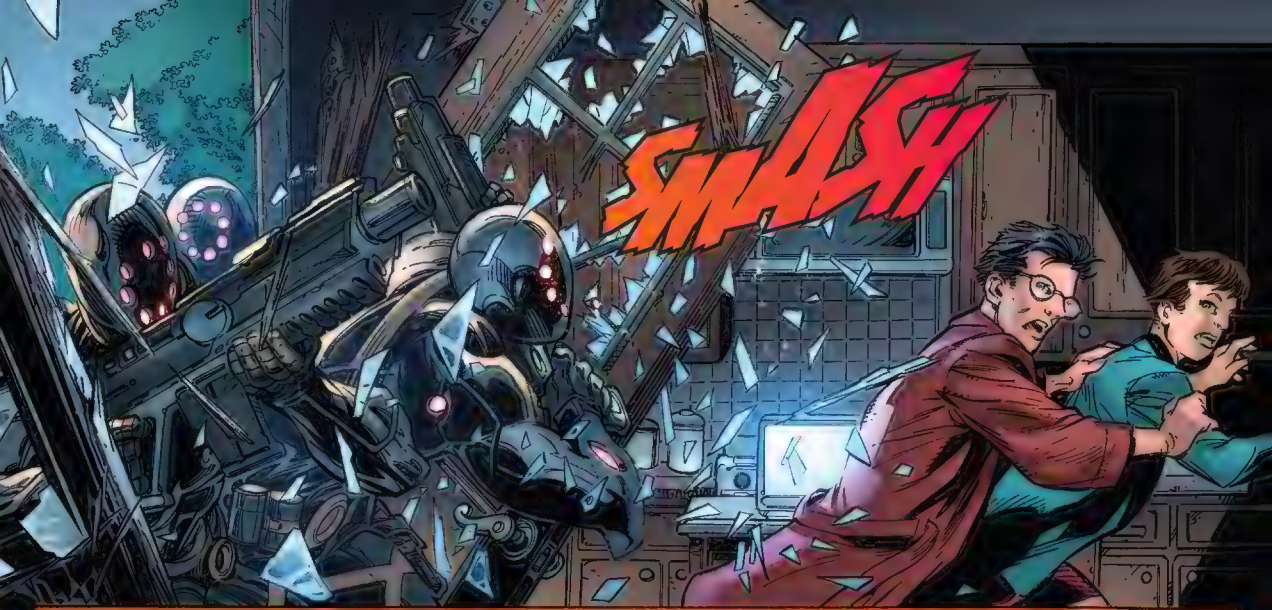


"WET WORK"?

WHAT KIND OF TWISTED SHADES OF GREY ACTIVITY IS THAT?

IS THIS SOME SORT OF CRAIGSLIST THING?

CLARICE, I CAN EXPLAIN--



Mission: Grand Theft
Infernal Hellbike.

Fee: \$400,000.

Mission:
Assassination.

Fee: \$500,000.

PLEASURE
MEETING
YOU!

I'LL BRING
IT RIGHT
BACK!

I PROMISE!

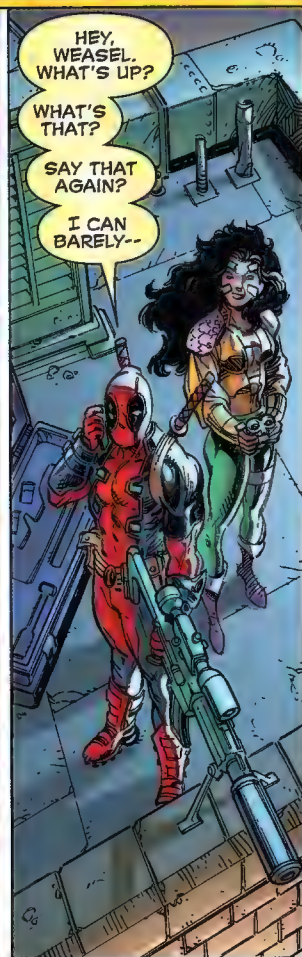
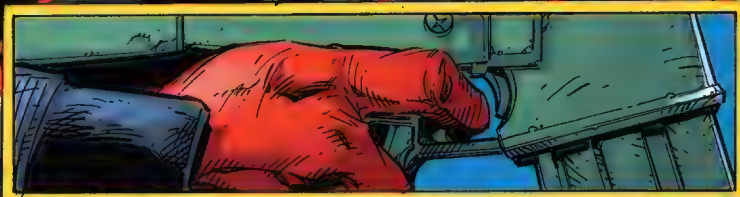
I'M TOTALLY
NOT BRINGING
IT BACK.

SO...
YEAH...I DO
BAD THINGS
FOR INSANE
AMOUNTS OF
MONEY.

IT'S DIRTY
WORK, BUT
SOMEBODY'S
GOTTA CASH
THE CHECKS.

COULD
YOU STOP TALKING
TO YOURSELF AND
CONCENTRATE?

NOT
REALLY,
NO.







YOU'RE GONNA REGWET THAT!

HOLD THAT THOUGHT.

THWACK

COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT.



BUT I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU ASSASSINS.

YOU GUYS... UH...

...FIGHT WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO DIE!



THAT...THAT'S DEADPOOL!
HE'S AN AVENGER!

YEAH.



HE WORKS FOR ME.

THAK



CHOOM
CH-CHOOM

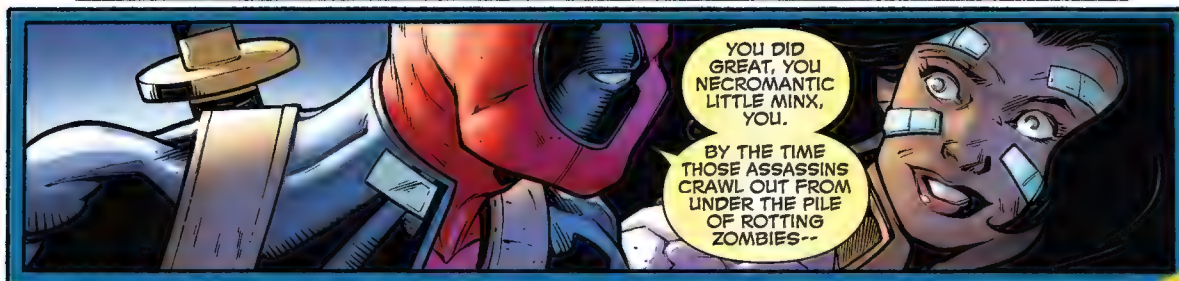
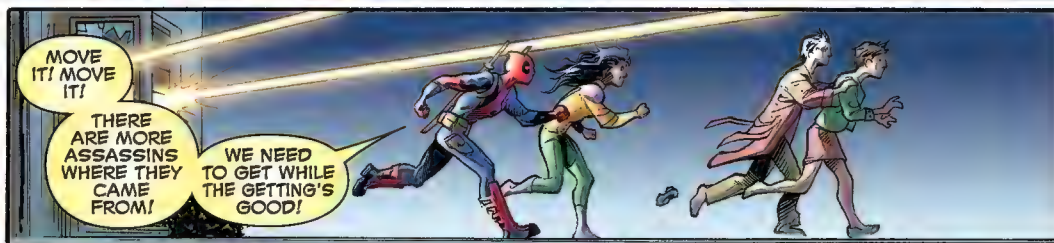
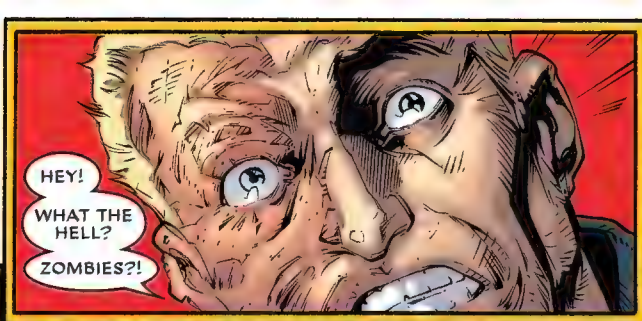
CHOOM

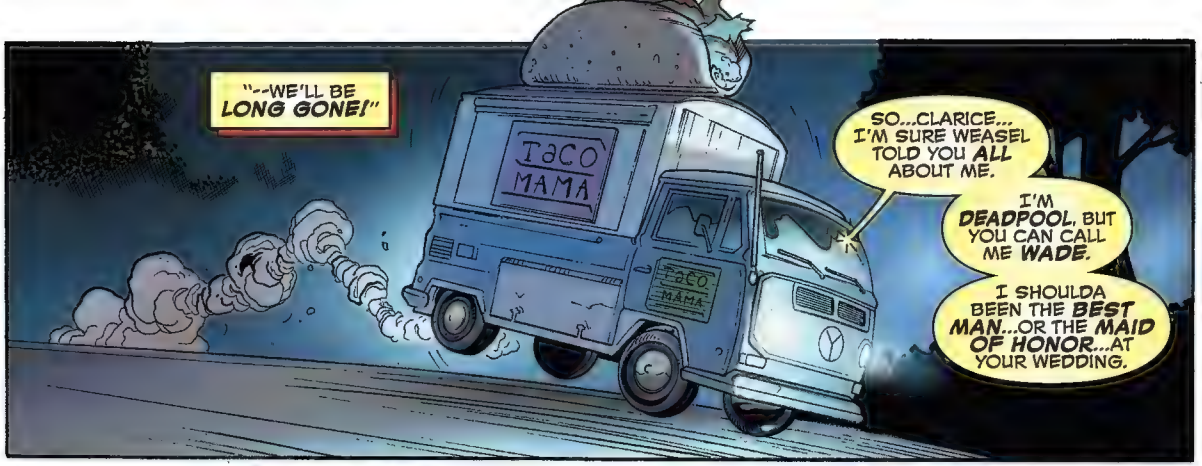


AW, CRAP!
IT'S THE 'WACKER!

BUSHWACKER.

THAT'S NOT MUCH BETTER.





"---WE'LL BE LONG GONE!"

SO...CLARICE... I'M SURE WEASEL TOLD YOU ALL ABOUT ME.

I'M DEADPOOL, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME WADE.

I SHOULD'VE BEEN THE BEST MAN...OR THE MAID OF HONOR...AT YOUR WEDDING.



WELL, I GUESS THE GUILD DECIDED NOT TO TAKE MY OFFER AFTER ALL.

NO KIDDING!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO MESS WITH THOSE GUYS!



UH-OH! IT SOUNDS LIKE WEASEL'S GOT A LOT OF 'SPLAININ' TO DO!

I WARNED HIM!

I TOLD HIM NOT TO BE A LIVING PIECE OF GARBAGE.

SHE'S ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

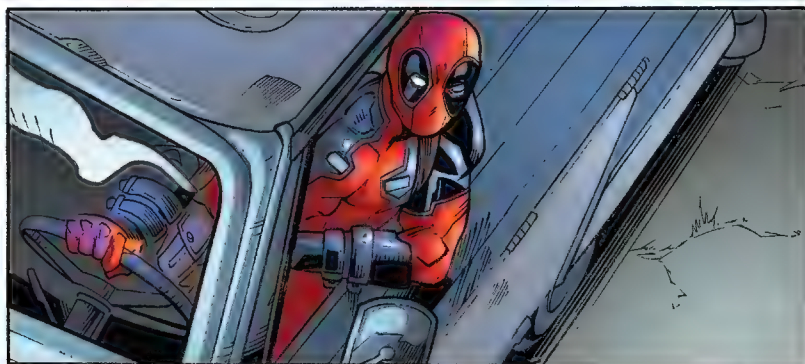
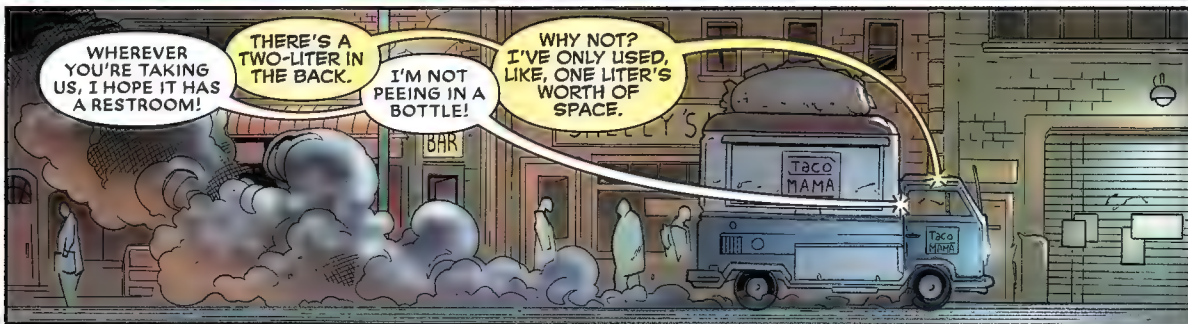
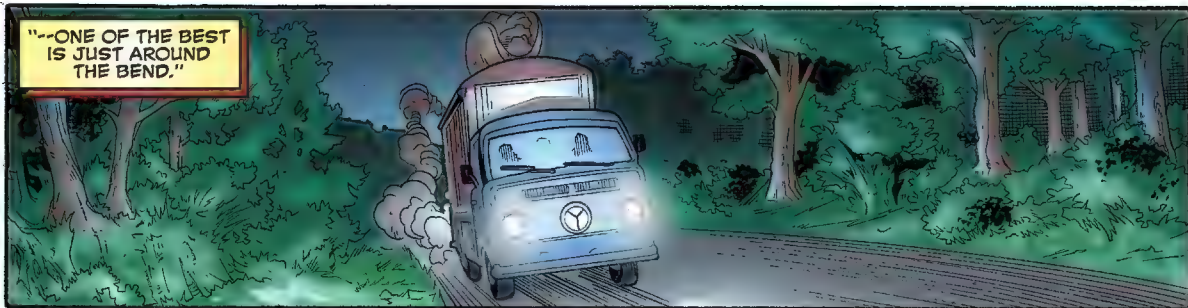
WELL, THERE'S ONLY A FEW GOOD SPOTS FOR A MERC ON THE RUN TO LIE LOW.

LUCKY FOR US--

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WHO WERE THOSE PEOPLE?

WHERE IS...DEADPOOL TAKING US?





WELCOME
TO SISTER
MARGARET'S
SCHOOL FOR
WAYWARD
GIRLS...

...AFFECTIONATELY
CALLED--THE
HELLHOUSE.

NEW YORK
ANNEX.

YOU'RE
KIDDING,
RIGHT?

YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY THINK
IT'S A GOOD IDEA
TO BRING MY
WIFE TO THE
HELLHOUSE.



I CAN FEEL...
SO MUCH DEATH
CLINGING TO
THIS PLACE.



AND IF I WERE
GONNA BRING HER
TO THE HELLHOUSE,
I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T
BRING HER TO THE
NEW YORK
BRANCH!

THIS
PLACE IS THE
LOWEST OF
THE LOW!

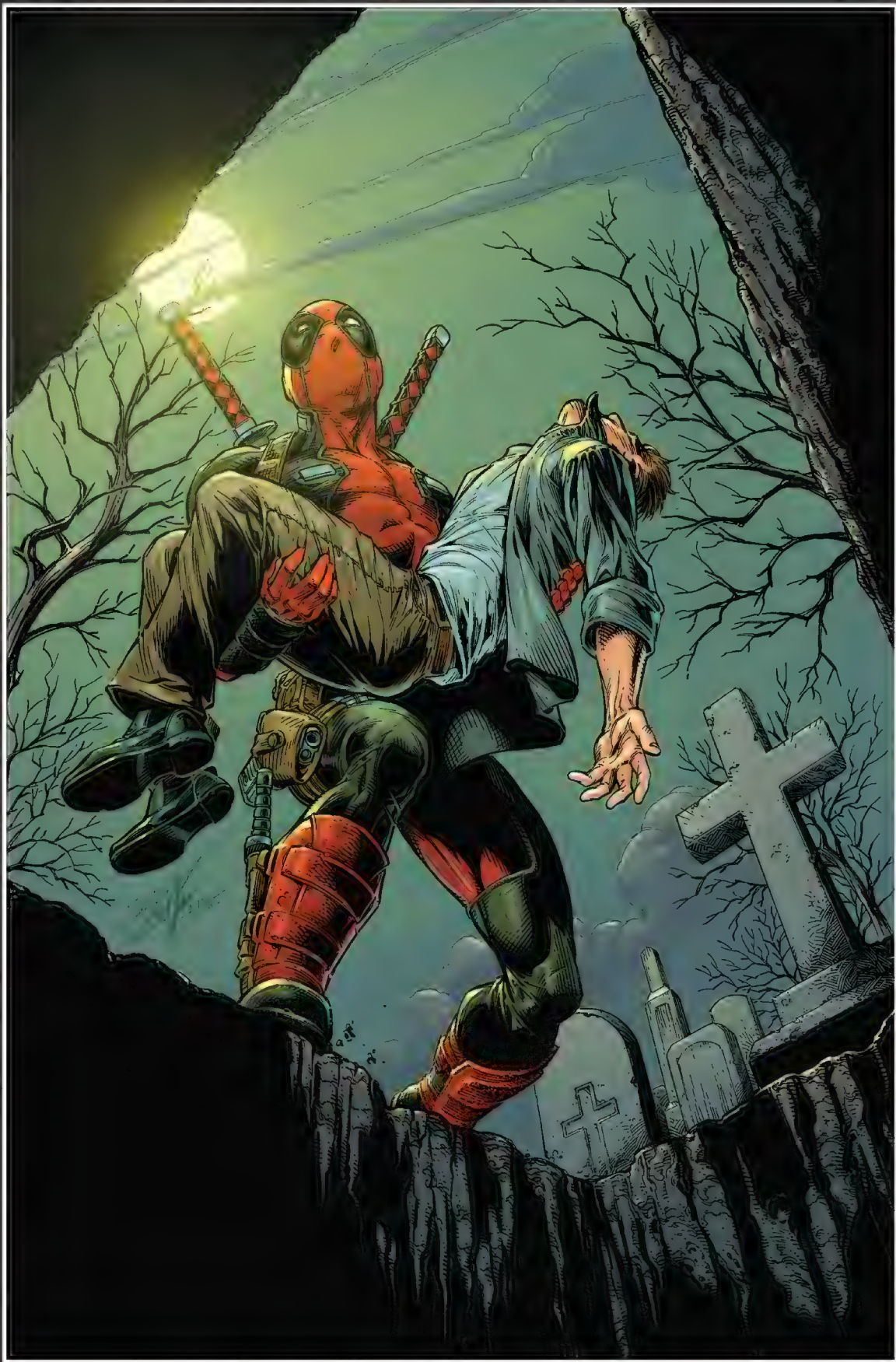
YOU'RE
GONNA LOVE
IT, THREN.

BESIDES,
YOU AND
MRS. WEASEL
ARE *GIRLS*.



AND WE'RE
ALL WAY, WAY
WAYWARD.

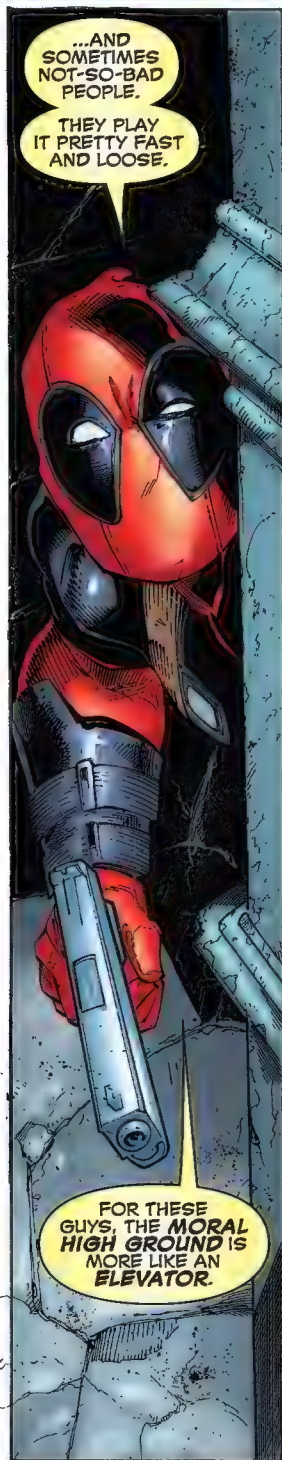
SISTER MARGARET'S
SCHOOL FOR
WAYWARD GIRLS





"THE ASSASSINS
GUILD..."

"...WHERE REALLY BAD
PEOPLE ACCEPT LARGE
AMOUNTS OF CASH TO
KILL OTHER REALLY
BAD PEOPLE..."



...AND
SOMETIMES
NOT-SO-BAD
PEOPLE.

THEY PLAY
IT PRETTY FAST
AND LOOSE.

FOR THESE
GUYS, THE MORAL
HIGH GROUND IS
MORE LIKE AN
ELEVATOR.



"I THOUGHT I HAD AN
UNDERSTANDING
WITH THEM.

"I *THOUGHT* I'D BE
TAKING ON A FEW HIGH-
PROFILE CASES AS A
SUBCONTRACTOR."

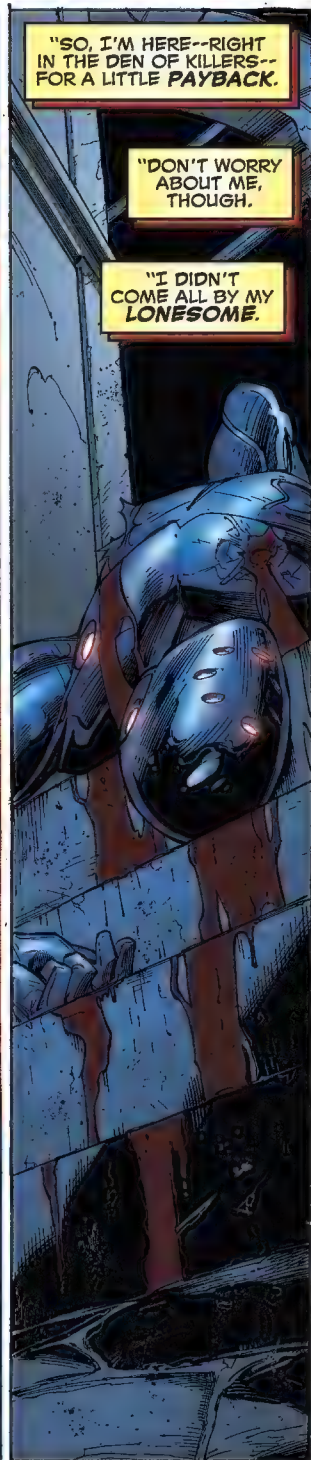


BUT
I GUESS
WET WORK
IS NEVER
EASY...

...EVEN
IN THE **BIG**
EASY.

AND THE
GUILD SENT A
BUNCH OF HIRED
GUNS TO KILL
MY FRIENDS.

NOT
COOL..



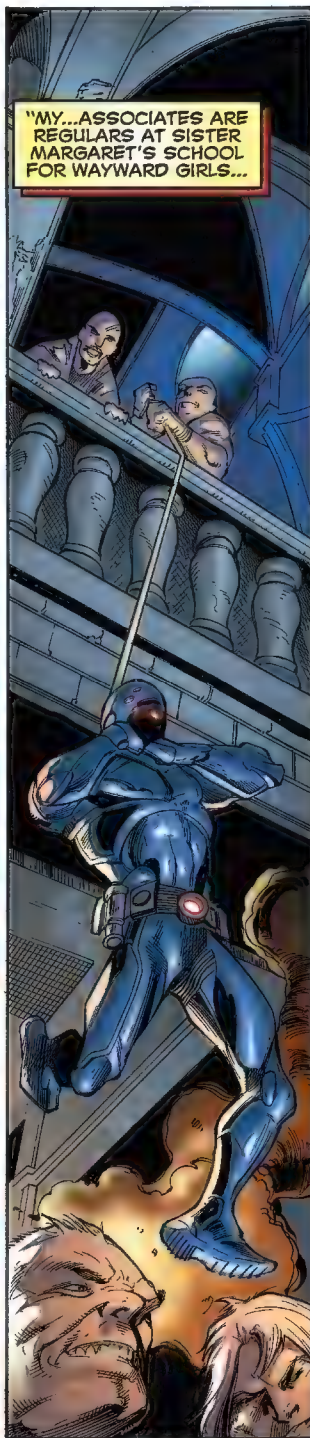
"SO, I'M HERE--RIGHT
IN THE DEN OF KILLERS--
FOR A LITTLE **PAYBACK.**

"DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME,
THOUGH.

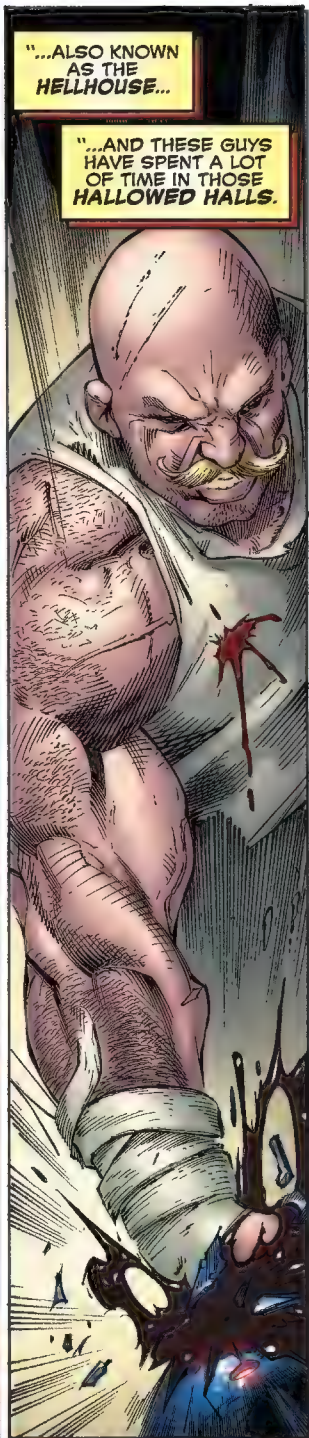
"I DIDN'T
COME ALL BY MY
LONESOME.



"I BROUGHT A
LITTLE **BACKUP**."



"MY...ASSOCIATES ARE
REGULARS AT SISTER
MARGARET'S SCHOOL
FOR WAYWARD GIRLS..."



"...ALSO KNOWN
AS THE
HELLHOUSE..."

"...AND THESE GUYS
HAVE SPENT A LOT
OF TIME IN THOSE
HALLOWED HALLS."



"OH, AND THEY'RE FROM
THE **NEW YORK ANNEX**
OF THE 'SCHOOL'..."

"...WHICH IS REALLY THE
HANGOUT FOR THE
**WORST OF THE
WORST.**"



"JUST THE KIND OF
'MAMA-DIDN'T-LOVE-ME'
HARD CASES I NEEDED
FOR A JOB LIKE THIS."

"ALTHOUGH,
I ADMIT..."



"...I DIDN'T
EXPECT THEM TO
DO SO WELL."

BOOM



"I KIND OF THOUGHT I'D
PULL A FAST ONE ON
BOTH THE MERCS **AND**
THE ASSASSINS..."

"...LET THE TWO GROUPS
SLAUGHTER EACH OTHER,
THEN I'D JUST NEED TO
COME IN AND HANDLE
LOOSE ENDS."



"BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY SAY
ABOUT **GOOD**
INTENTIONS."

THESE
GUYS ARE THE
BEST MURDERERS
IN THE WORLD?

THEY'RE
PUSHOVERS!

I'M TELLING
YOU--US BLUE-
COLLAR MERCENARIES
NEED BETTER
MARKETING OR
SOMETHING.

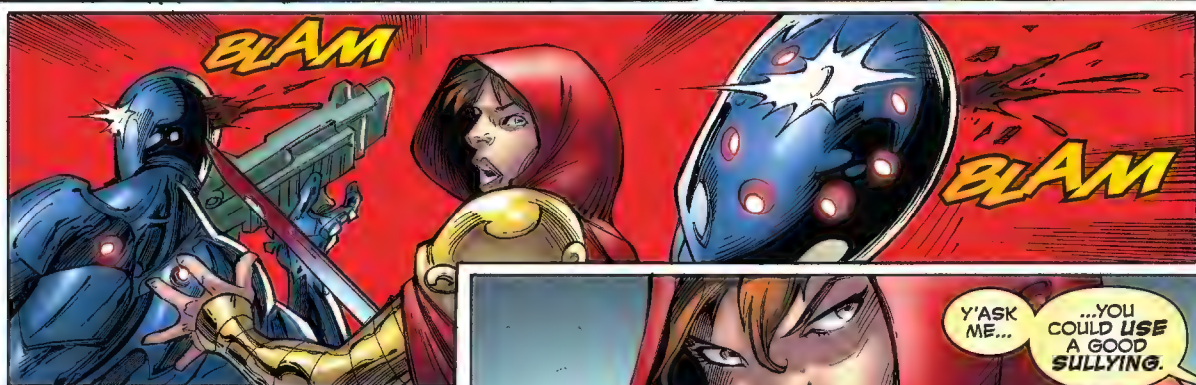
THESE GUYS
ARE EATING OUR
BREAKFASTS--



HNN--?

YOU AND
YOUR FRIENDS
HAVE MADE A
TERRIBLE MISTAKE
COMING HERE.

SHUUNK





I KNOW I ALWAYS FEEL MUCH BETTER ONCE I'VE BEEN THOROUGHLY **SULLIED**.

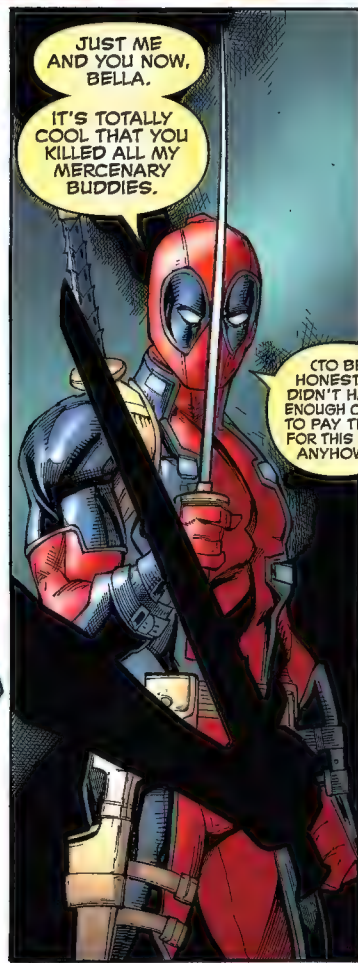
THAT'S NOT AN OFFER, BY THE WAY.

I **WARNED** YOU, BELLADONNA. I WARNED YOU NOT TO MESS WITH ME OR MINE.

AND NOW YOU'VE GOTTA **DIE**.



THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.



JUST ME AND YOU NOW, BELLA.

IT'S TOTALLY COOL THAT YOU KILLED ALL MY MERCENARY BUDDIES.

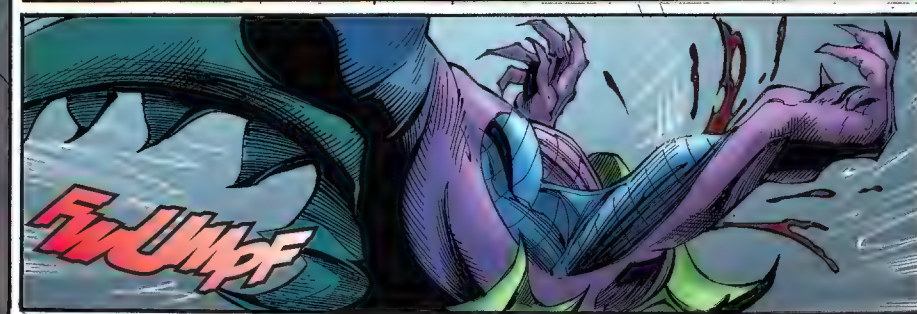
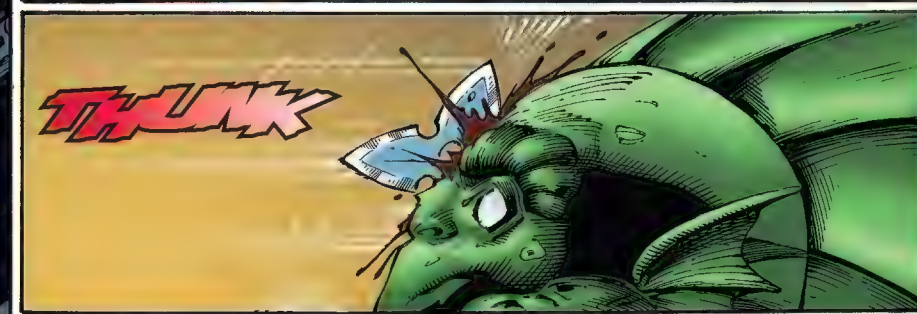
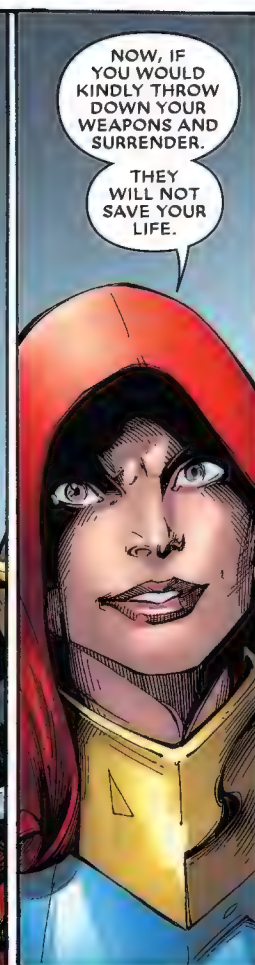
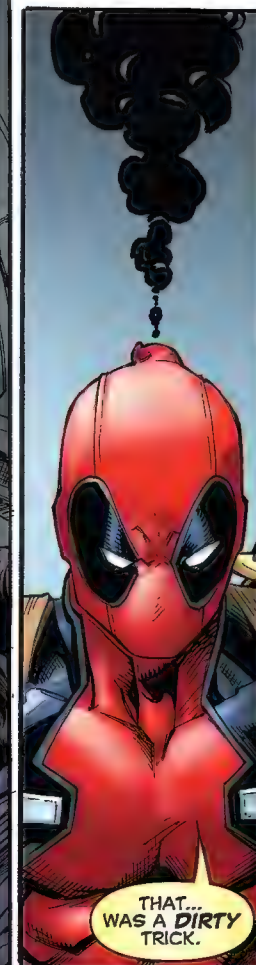
(TO BE HONEST, I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH CASH TO PAY THEM FOR THIS JOB ANYHOW.)



JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR... I WOULD HAVE CUT YOU IN HALF WITHOUT ANYONE'S HELP.

BUT I'M THE BOSS.

I RECOGNIZE THE VALUE OF DELEGATION.





YEAH.

HE'S DEAD.

DEATH
ADDER ALWAYS
WAS #\$\$\$ IN A
FIGHT.



AW--DEATH
ADDER?

I WAS **TOTALLY**
GOING FOR LORD
DEATHSTRIKE.



SURROUNDED
BY SOME OF THE
BEST KILLERS IN THE
WORLD...NO WAY
OUT. THIS SORT
OF **BLOWS.**

BUT--
REALLY--I'VE
FACED WORSE
ODDS.

ONE TIME, I
KILLED THE ENTIRE
UNIVERSE.



WAIT...DID
THAT HAPPEN
OR WAS IT A
DREAM?

IS
ALL **THIS** A
DREAM?

HEHE.
NO.



THE **IMPORTANT**
THING TO REMEMBER
IS THAT I'VE MADE SUCH
A **STINK** HERE WITH THE
GUILD. BELLADONNA'S
TOTALLY GONNA FORGET
ABOUT WEASEL
AND HIS--

AHEM.

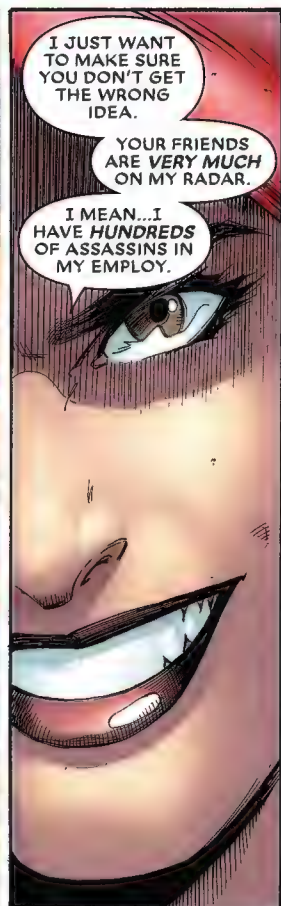
ARE YOU
TALKING TO
YOURSELF?

NOT SURE
IF YOU NOTICED
OR NOT, BUT I WAS
ON SOMETHING OF
A SELF-ABSORBED
MONOLOGUE
THERE.

THAT KIND OF
NARCISSISM IS
TOUGH TO FOSTER
OUTSIDE OF
SOCIAL MEDIA.

ACTUALLY--
WHERE'S MY
PHONE? I SHOULD
TOTALLY TWEET
ABOUT THIS.

#SURROUNDED
BY ASSASSINS BUT
STILL KILLING IT



I JUST WANT
TO MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T GET
THE WRONG
IDEA.

YOUR FRIENDS
ARE **VERY MUCH**
ON MY RADAR.

I MEAN...I
HAVE **HUNDREDS**
OF ASSASSINS IN
MY EMPLOY.

"HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHERE THEY'VE ALL GONE?"

THIS IS A TERRIBLE IDEA!



WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET DEADPOOL DRAG US BACK TO NEW ORLEANS WITH HIM!

THIS PLACE IS ASSASSIN CENTRAL!

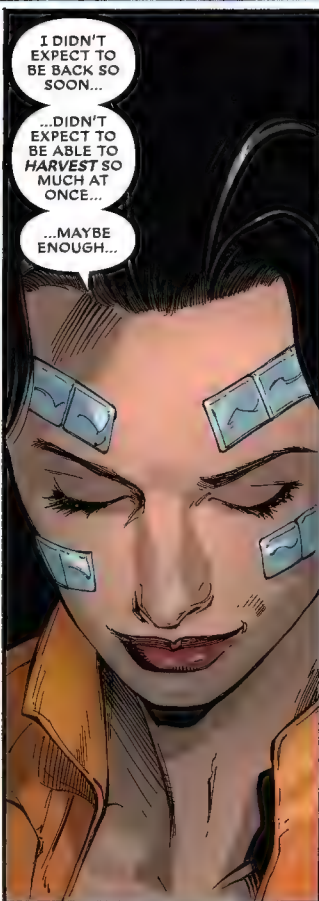
BUT HE SAID WE'D BE HIDING... RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES OR SOMETHING.



CLARICE, BABY, YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND.

DEADPOOL IS THE KING OF STUPID IDEAS!

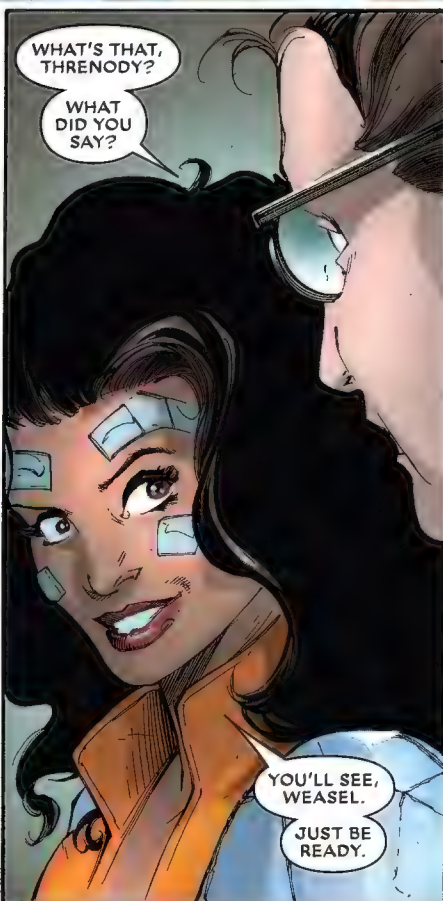
AND I'M THE KING OF GOING ALONG WITH HIS STUPID IDEAS!



I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE BACK SO SOON...

...DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE ABLE TO HARVEST SO MUCH AT ONCE...

...MAYBE ENOUGH...



WHAT'S THAT, THRENODY?

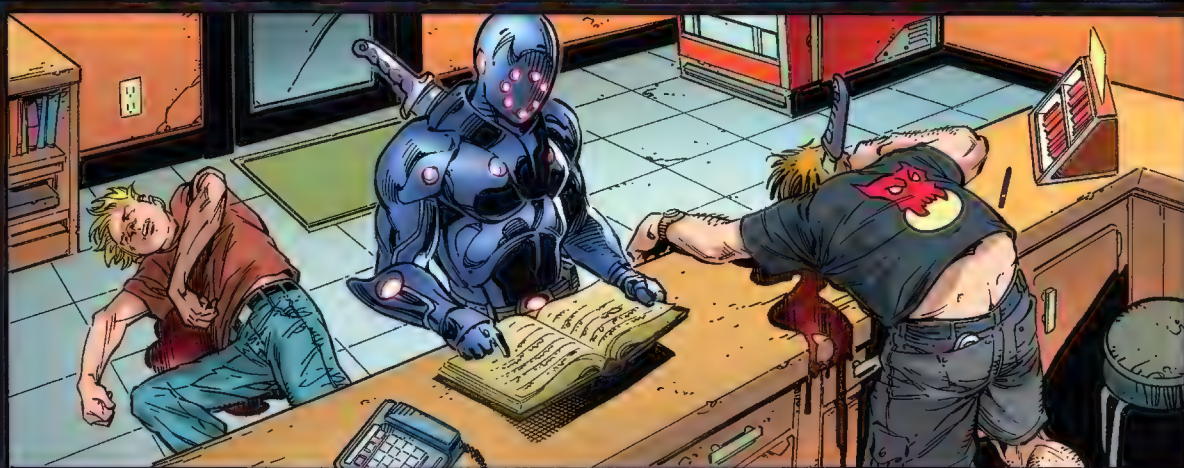
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YOU'LL SEE, WEASEL. JUST BE READY.

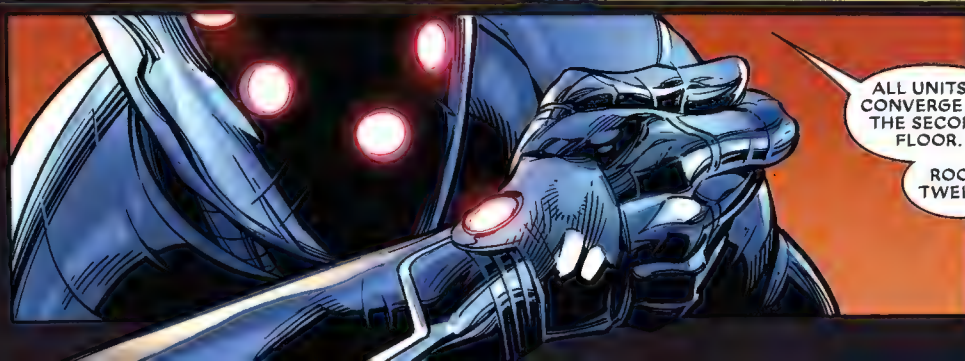


"THEY'RE
COMING."

TACO
MAMA

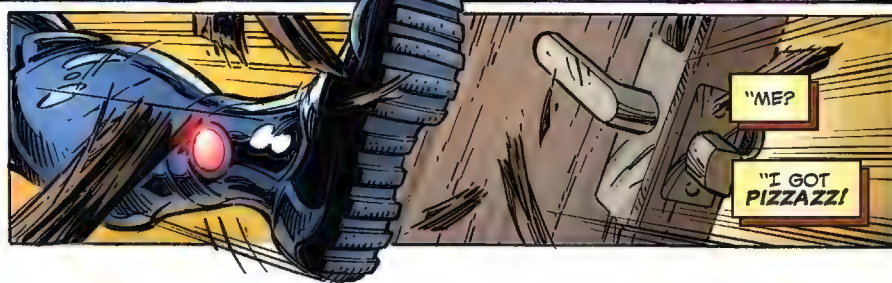


Robertson
Assasins can kiss my ass!



ALL UNITS--
CONVERGE ON
THE SECOND
FLOOR.

ROOM
TWELVE.





"YOUR GUILD, THOUGH?"



"THEY GOT A ROOM FULL OF DEADPOOL MANNEQUINS HOLDING EXPLOSIVES."



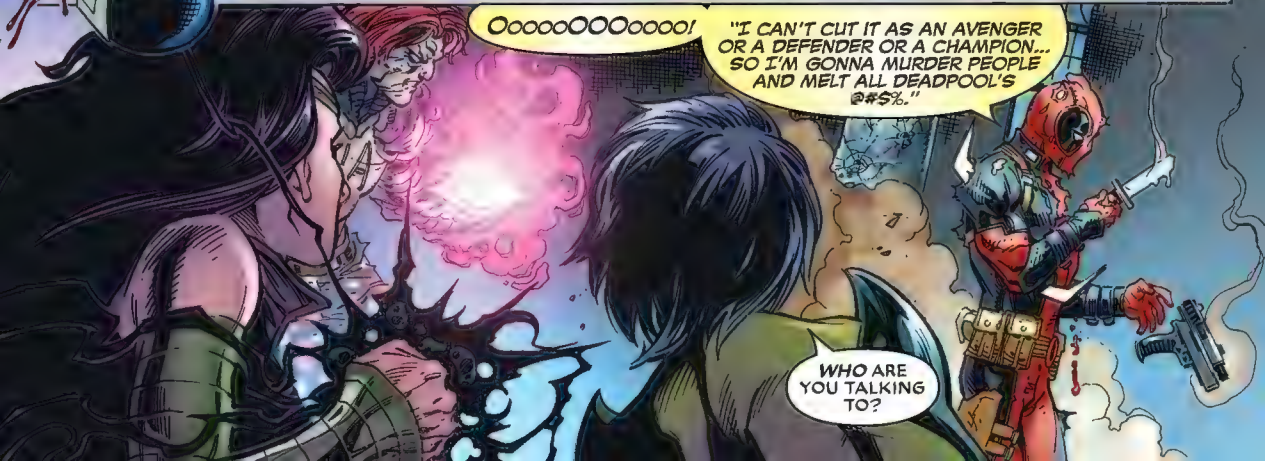
OF COURSE, SOME VICIOUS KILL-FOR-MONEY TYPES HAVE SPECIAL GIMMICKS--

--GRABBY DARKFORCE TENTACLES AND TRICK BOOMERANGS--



"--THOSE GUYS ARE THE BIGGEST JERKS OF ALL."

HOLY--
DON'T STOP--KEEP MOVING!



OoooooOooooo!

"I CAN'T CUT IT AS AN AVENGER OR A DEFENDER OR A CHAMPION... SO I'M GONNA MURDER PEOPLE AND MELT ALL DEADPOOL'S @\$\$%."

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?



LUCKY FOR ME...I STILL HAVE A FEW SKEEVEY TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE--

--LIKE MY TRUSTY DEADPOOL TRACKERS!

INSPIRED BY TECH USED BY MY GOOD PAL SPIDER-MAN HIMSELF...



"...AND CRAFTED BY MY TRUSTY FRIEND WEASEL..."

STAY WITH ME!

THRENOODY, KEEP CLARICE SAFE. NICE AND CALM.

WE'RE ALMOST TO THE TRUCK!

"...ONLY I THINK TRACKERS ARE FOR CHEATS AND NERDS..."



YEEEAARGH!

"...AND I'M MORE OF A CHAIN LIGHTNING SORT OF GUY."

NNNG--

GRRGGGG--

"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD BY NOW? YOU HIT ME...I HIT BACK--RIGHT IN THE SOFT AND DELICATES!"

HRGGK!

JACK!

SHRA-FWOOOOOOOM



CLARICE...

...HNNN...

...YOU GOTTA MOVE, BABE... GOTTA GET...

...OUTTA HERE...



NNNNNNNNNN--



YES!



SURROUNDED BY DEATH...

...DEALING IT OUT...

...GIVING IT UP...



ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, I'M TAKING WHAT I NEED FROM YOU ASSASSINS.



J-JACK...
OH GOD...
JACK!

JUST
HANG ON,
BABY!

WE'LL GET
YOU TO A
HOSPITAL!

JUST--
HOLD ON!



I...I'M NOT
WALKING AWAY
FROM THIS,
CLARICE.

I WISH I
WAS...BUT
THAT'S NOT HOW
IT WORKS OUT...
NOT FOR GUYS
LIKE ME.

HEH.

I ALWAYS
FIGURED...WADE
WOULD BE HERE
WHEN I DIED.

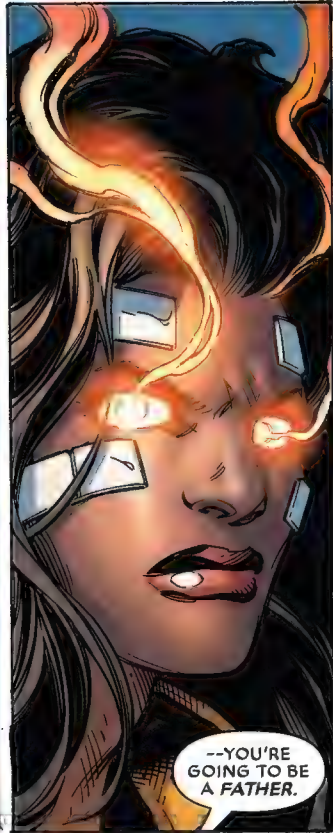
BUT
I PREFER...
YOU.



Y-YOU
HAVE TO
HANG ON,
JACK.

YOU
HAVE TO!

I HAVEN'T
TOLD YOU
YET, BUT--



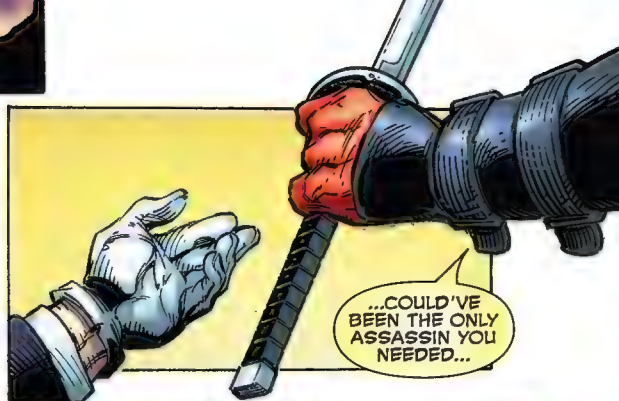
--YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
A FATHER.



YOU...

...SHOULDA
TAKEN ME UP
ON MY OFFER,
BELLADONNA...

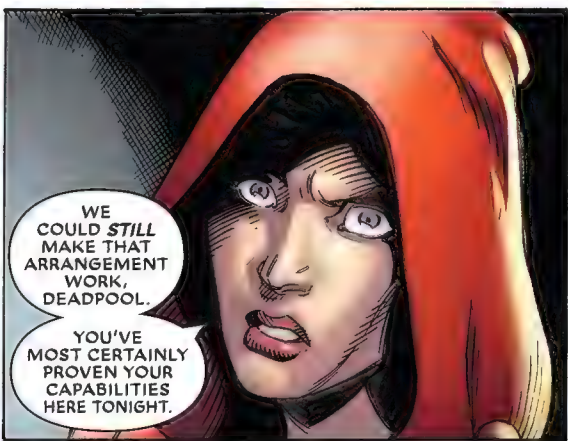
...I COULD'VE
WORKED FOR
YOU...



...COULD'VE
BEEN THE ONLY
ASSASSIN YOU
NEEDED...

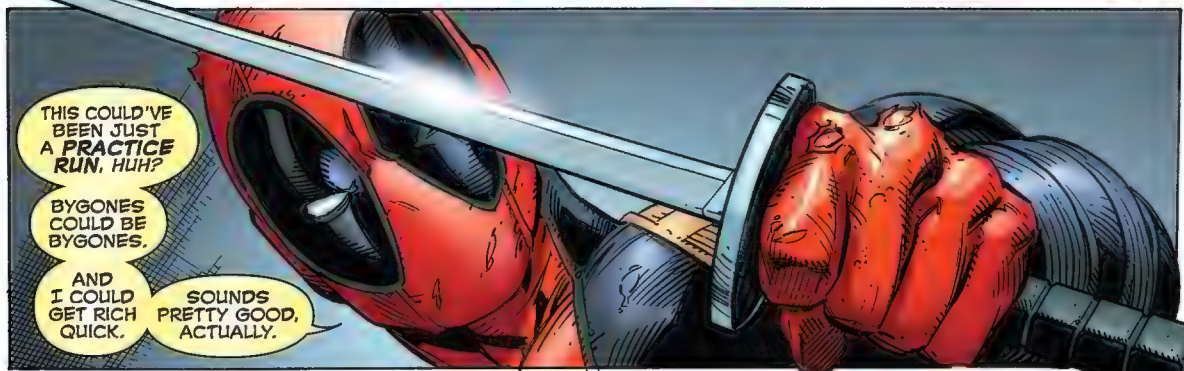


...AND I
COULD'VE
GOTTEN MY
DAMN BEACH
HOUSE!



WE
COULD STILL
MAKE THAT
ARRANGEMENT
WORK,
DEADPOOL.

YOU'VE
MOST CERTAINLY
PROVEN YOUR
CAPABILITIES
HERE TONIGHT.



THIS COULD'VE
BEEN JUST
A PRACTICE
RUN, HUH?

BYGONES
COULD BE
BYGONES.

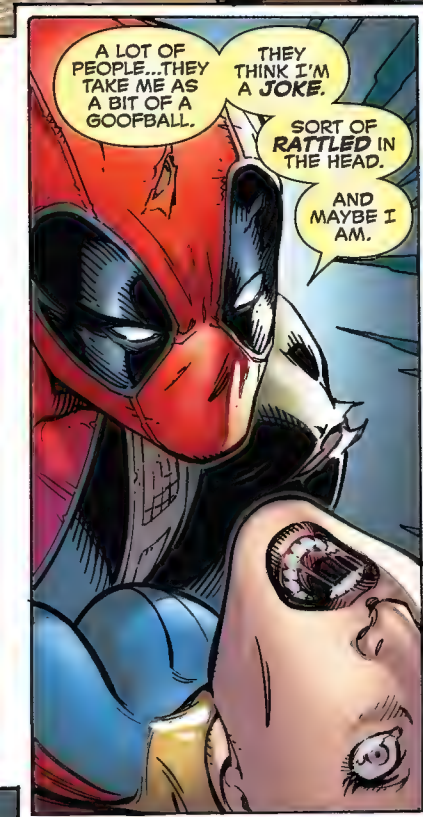
AND
I COULD
GET RICH
QUICK.

SOUNDS
PRETTY GOOD,
ACTUALLY.



EXCEPT I HAVE A CODE, Y'KNOW?

HRRRK!

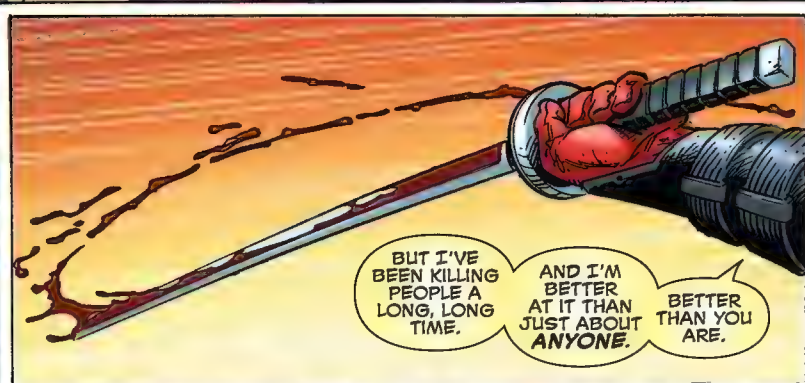


A LOT OF PEOPLE...THEY TAKE ME AS A BIT OF A GOOFBALL.

THEY THINK I'M A JOKE.

SORT OF RATTLED IN THE HEAD.

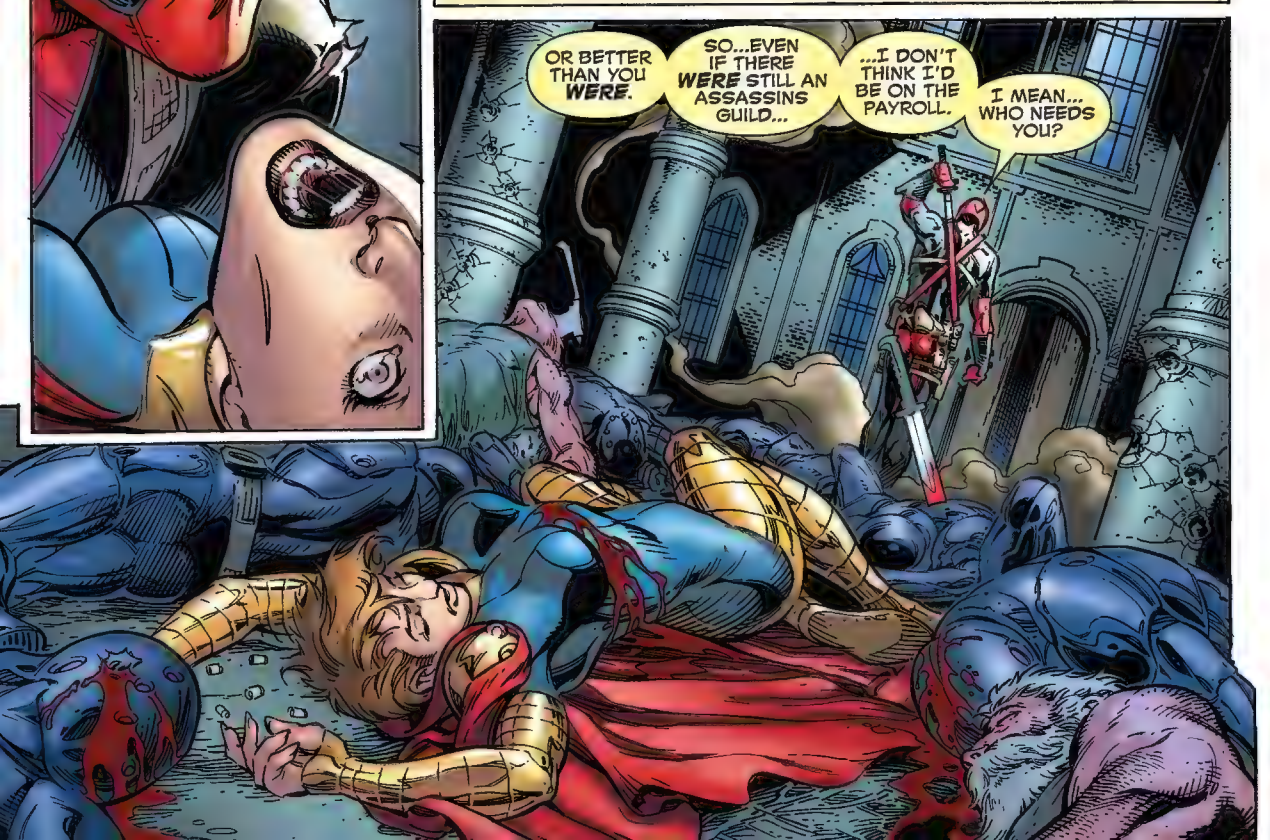
AND MAYBE I AM.



BUT I'VE BEEN KILLING PEOPLE A LONG, LONG TIME.

AND I'M BETTER AT IT THAN JUST ABOUT ANYONE.

BETTER THAN YOU ARE.



OR BETTER THAN YOU WERE.

SO...EVEN IF THERE WERE STILL AN ASSASSINS GUILD...

...I DON'T THINK I'D BE ON THE PAYROLL.

I MEAN... WHO NEEDS YOU?

"AFTER ALL,
WEASEL IS MY
CO-PILOT."

MOTEL
7



WEASEL!
YOU...
...YOU'VE
GOT A
SWORD STUCK
IN YOU!



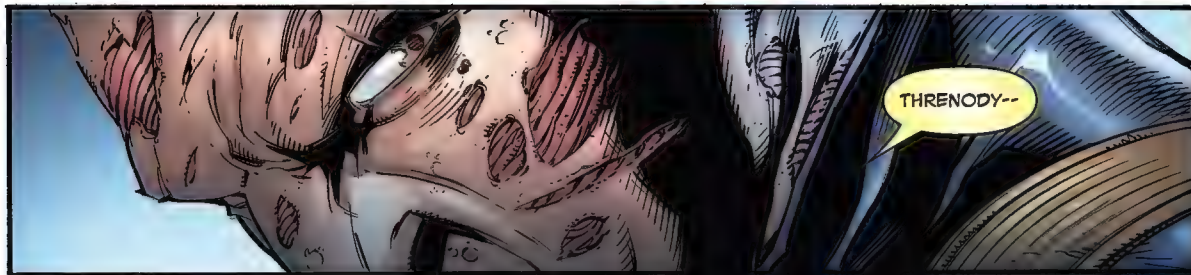
=GASP=
WEASEL?
YOU'RE
A--



W-WADE...
...WADE...
THRENODY...
...SHE
TOOK CLARICE,
WADE...
...SHE TOOK
HER...AND YOU
HAVE TO FIND
HER...



...I ALWAYS
KNEW...
...I'D DIE...
LOOKING
AT...
...YOUR UGLY
MUG...



THRENODY--



"--WHAT THE **HELL** DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?"

DO NOT WEEP FOR YOUR HUSBAND.

HE WAS SELFISH. HE WAS WEAK.

HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED.

P-PLEASE...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?



DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

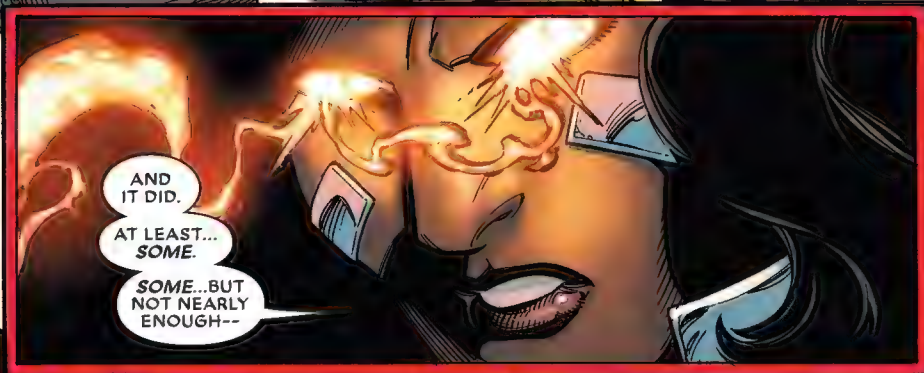
IT'S NOT YOU THAT I NEED.



I THOUGHT THAT SPENDING TIME WITH THE GUILD...

...SPENDING TIME WITH SOMEONE LIKE DEADPOOL...

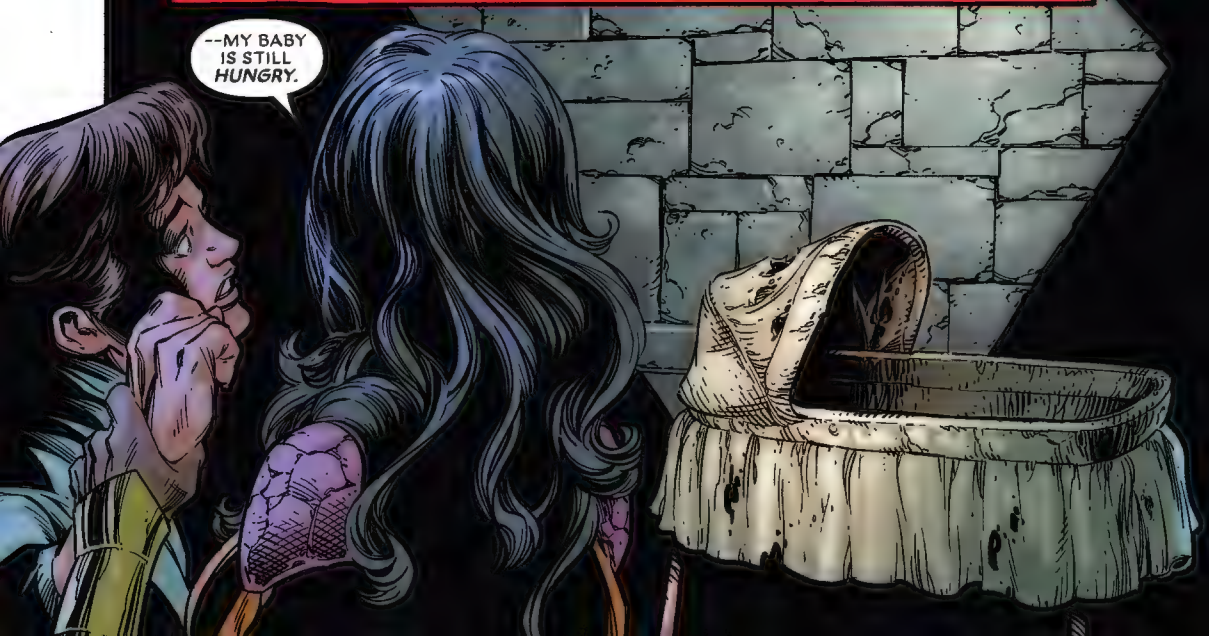
...WOULD GIVE ME THE **DEATH ENERGY** I NEEDED.



AND IT DID.

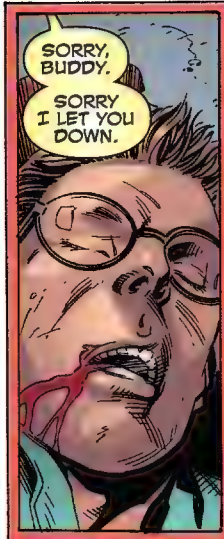
AT LEAST... **SOME.**

SOME...BUT NOT NEARLY ENOUGH--



--MY BABY IS STILL HUNGRY.



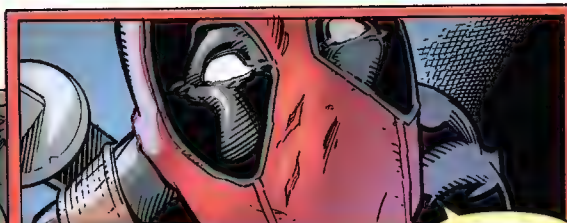


SORRY,
BUDDY.

SORRY
I LET YOU
DOWN.

UMBRELLA
DRINKS IN TIKI
LAND, THAT'S
WHAT YOU
DESERVED.

IT'S WHAT
WE BOTH
DESERVED.



MY BEST
PAL, WEASEL...
HE'S--

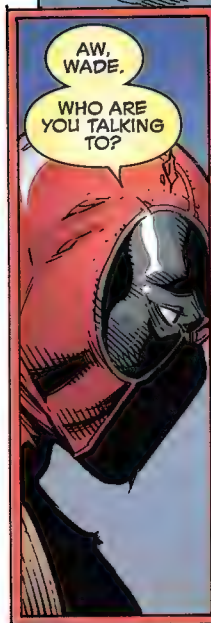
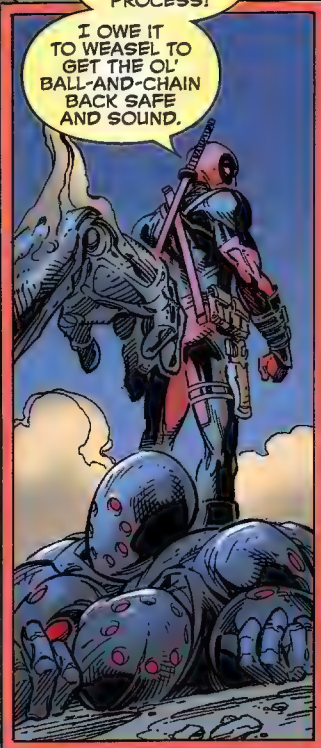
I CAN'T
EVEN BRING
MYSELF TO
SAY IT.

LET'S
JUST SAY THAT
HEAVEN GOT
THEMSELVES A
TERRIFIC LITTLE
ARMS-DEALING
CHERUB.

AND, FOR
SOME REASON,
MY WEIRD-BUT-CUTE
PARTNER THRENOODY
JUST LEFT HIM
TO DIE...

...AND SHE
KIDNAPPED HIS
WIFE IN THE
PROCESS!

I OWE IT
TO WEASEL TO
GET THE OL'
BALL-AND-CHAIN
BACK SAFE
AND SOUND.



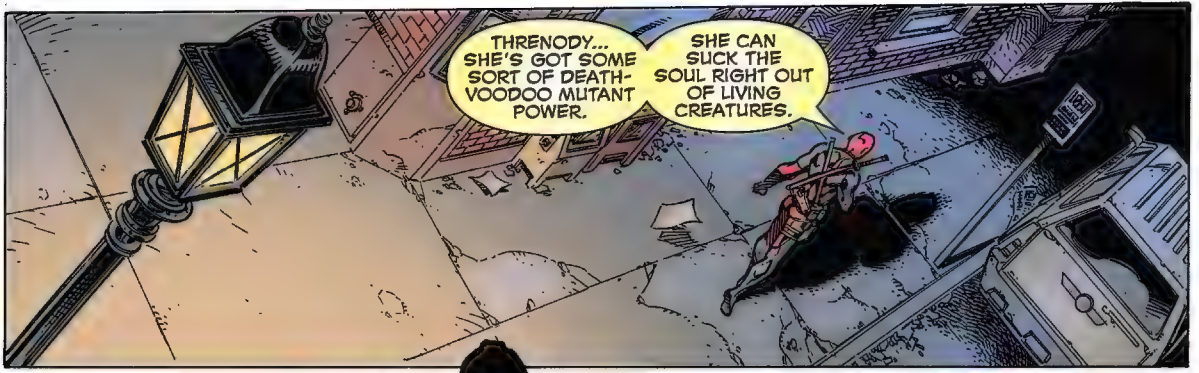
AW,
WADE.

WHO ARE
YOU TALKING
TO?



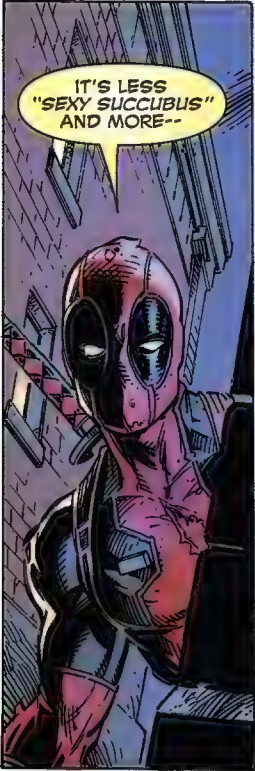
NOBODY.



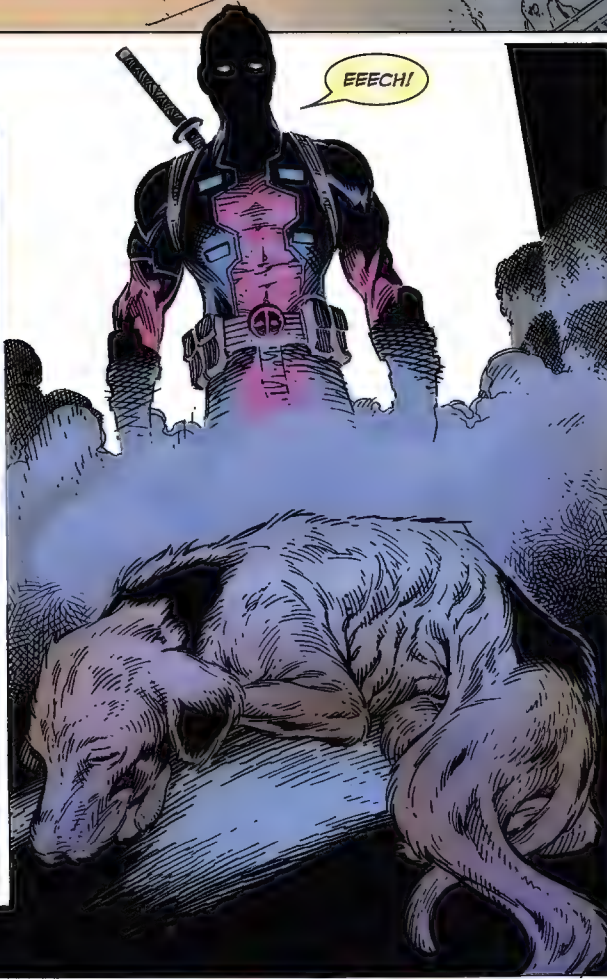


THRENODY...
SHE'S GOT SOME
SORT OF DEATH-
VOODOO MUTANT
POWER.

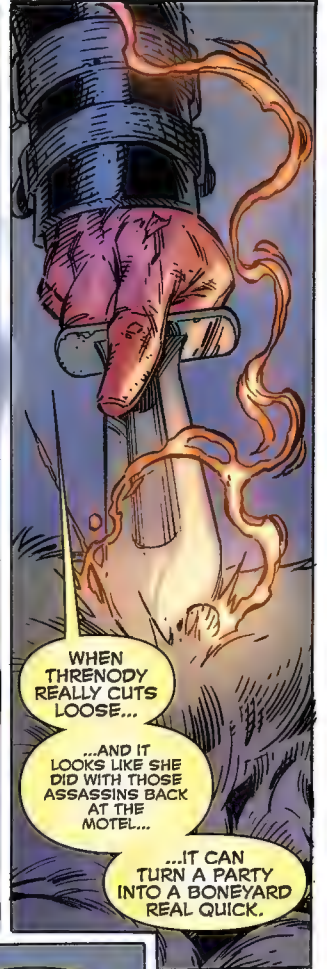
SHE CAN
SUCK THE
SOUL RIGHT OUT
OF LIVING
CREATURES.



IT'S LESS
"SEXY SUCCUBUS"
AND MORE--



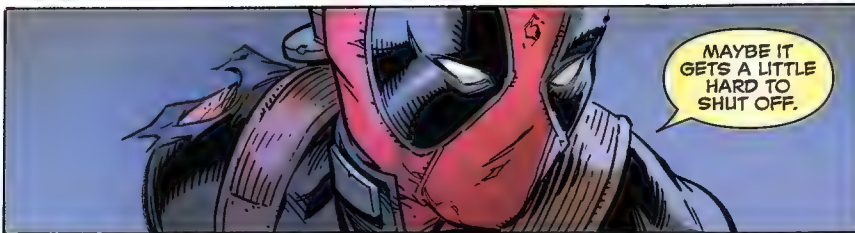
EEECH!



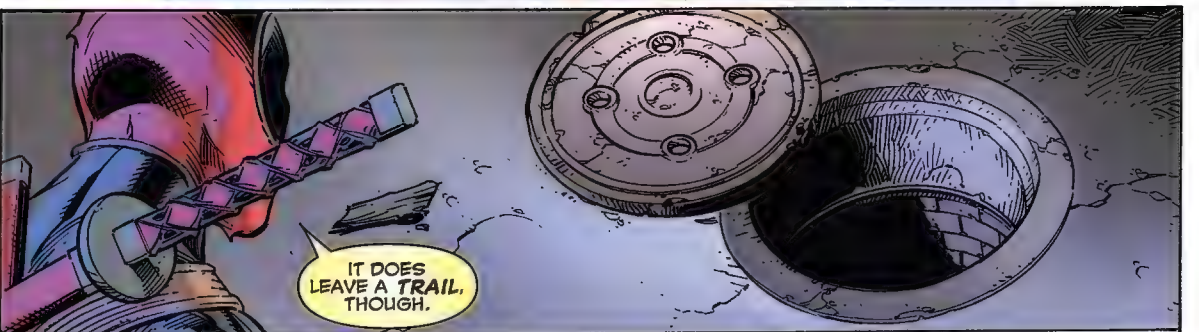
WHEN
THRENODY
REALLY CUTS
LOOSE...

...AND IT
LOOKS LIKE SHE
DID WITH THOSE
ASSASSINS BACK
AT THE
MOTEL...

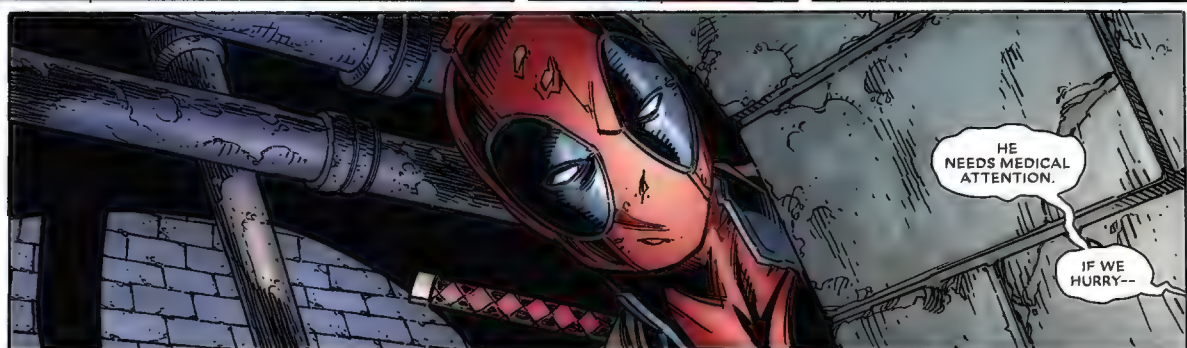
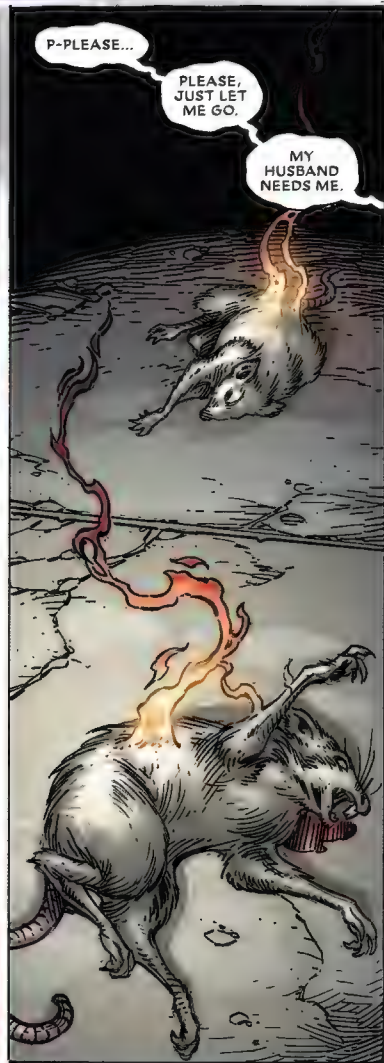
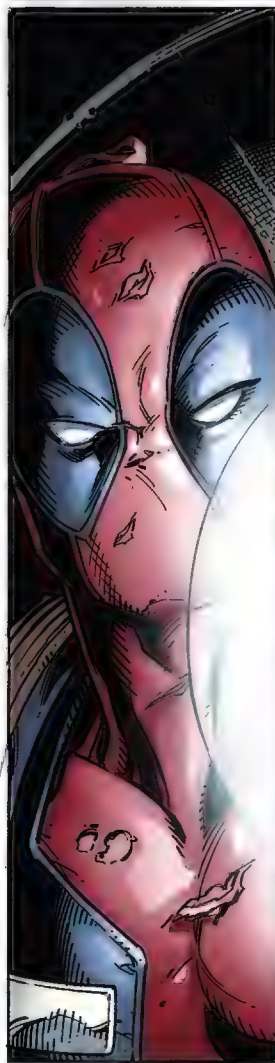
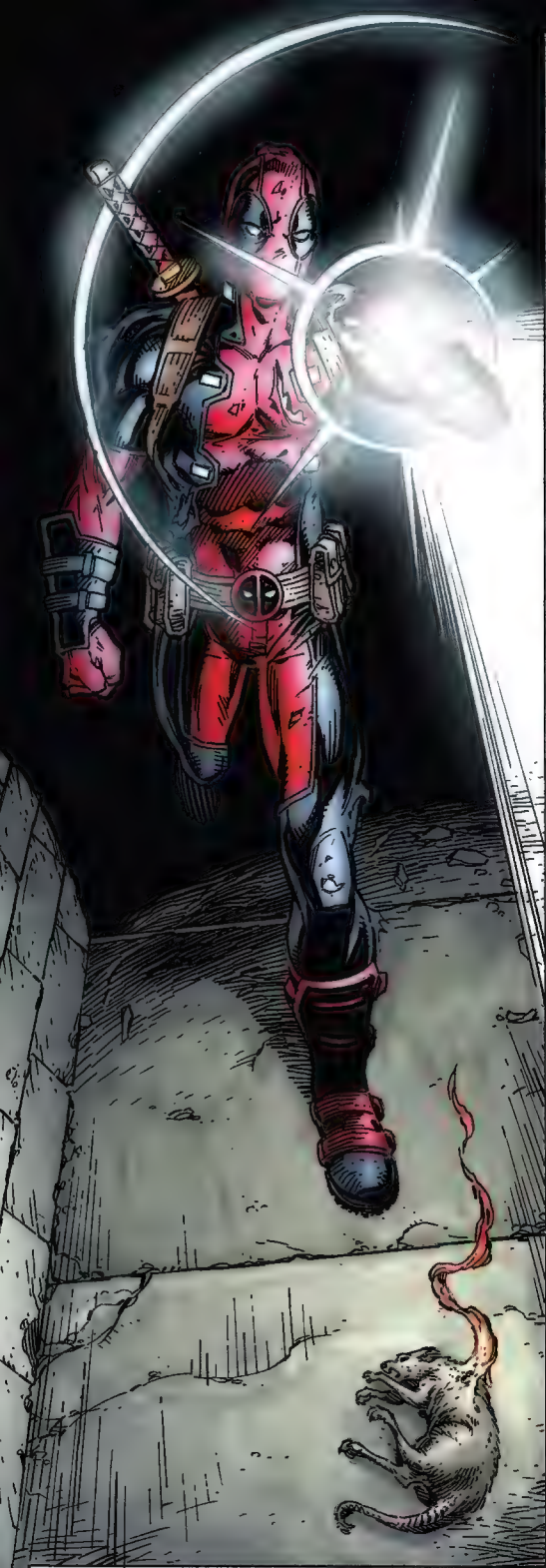
...IT CAN
TURN A PARTY
INTO A BONEYARD
REAL QUICK.



MAYBE IT
GETS A LITTLE
HARD TO
SHUT OFF.



IT DOES
LEAVE A TRAIL,
THOUGH.





--WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO
SAVE HIM.

I'M SORRY,
CLARICE.

WEASEL
IS DEAD.

I TASTED
HIS LIFE FORCE
BEFORE WE
ESCAPED FROM
THE GUILD.

I FELT
IT WINK
OUT.



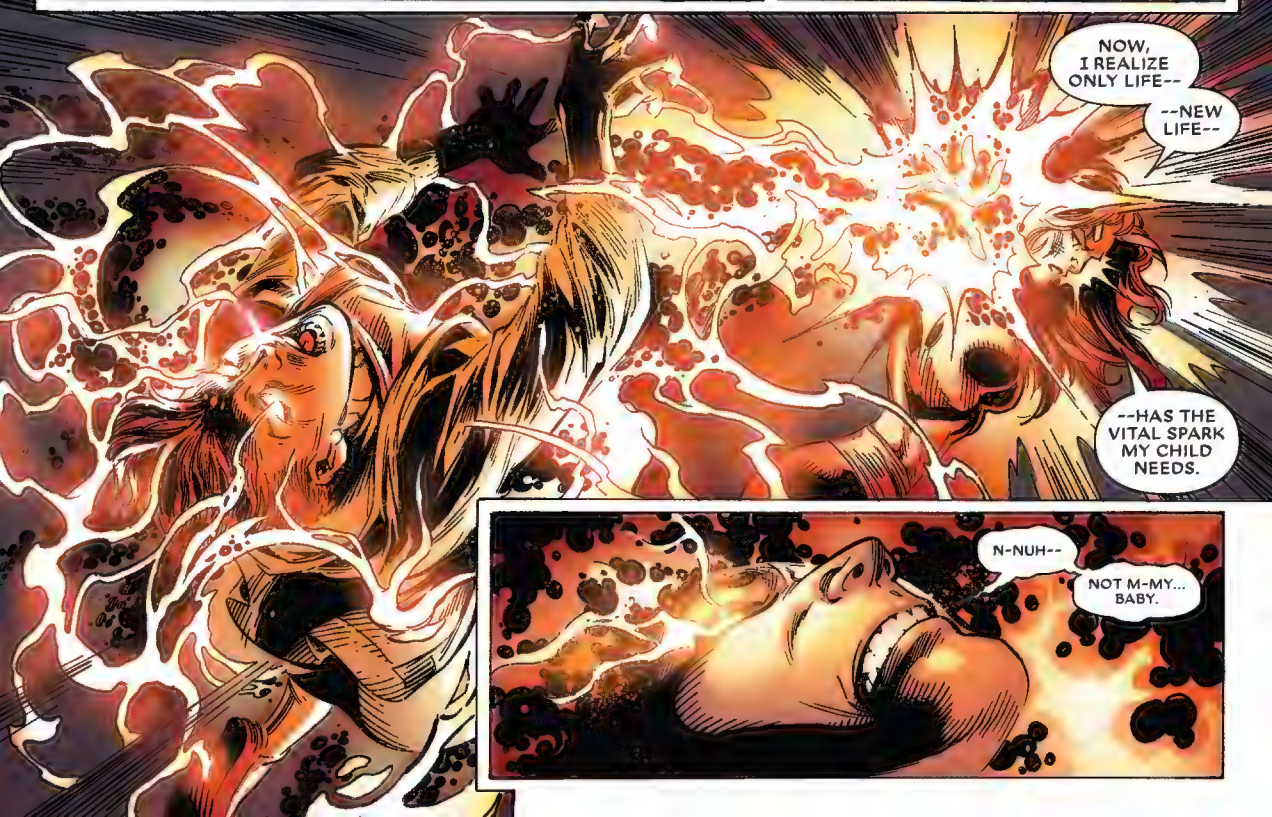
HE'S GONE,
CLARICE.



I'M SORRY
FOR WHAT'S
ABOUT TO
HAPPEN. I
REALLY AM.

I BELIEVED THAT
IF I SURROUNDED MYSELF
WITH DEATH, I COULD
GATHER ENOUGH ENERGY
TO DO WHAT WAS
NECESSARY.

BUT
IT'S NEVER
ENOUGH.



NOW,
I REALIZE
ONLY LIFE--

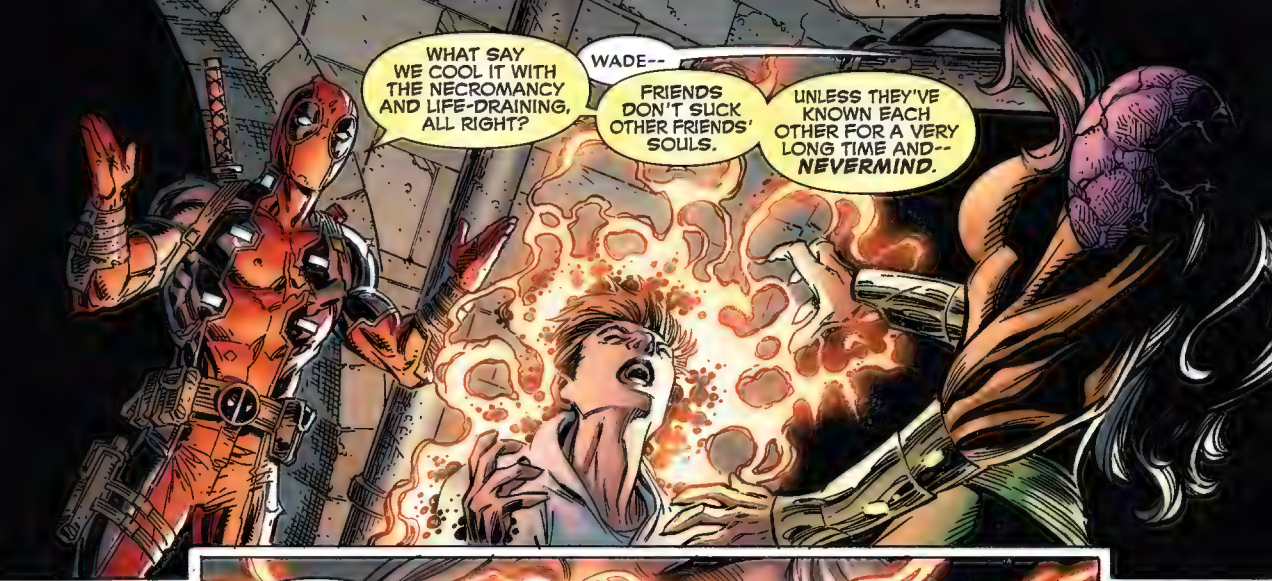
--NEW
LIFE--

--HAS THE
VITAL SPARK
MY CHILD
NEEDS.



N-NUH--

NOT M-MY...
BABY.

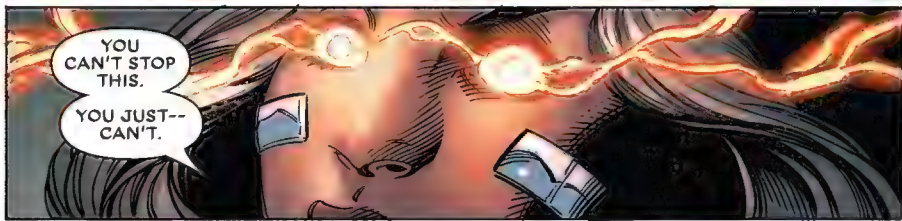


WHAT SAY WE COOL IT WITH THE NECROMANCY AND LIFE-DRAINING, ALL RIGHT?

WADE--

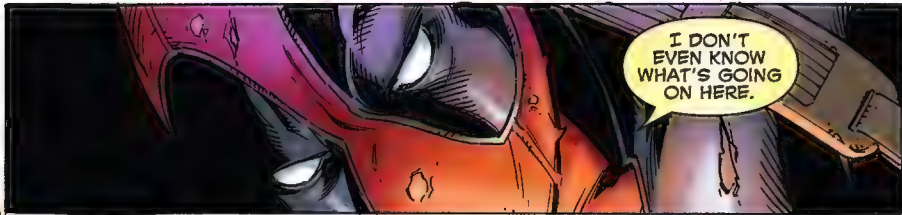
FRIENDS DON'T SUCK OTHER FRIENDS' SOULS.

UNLESS THEY'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR A VERY LONG TIME AND-- NEVERMIND.

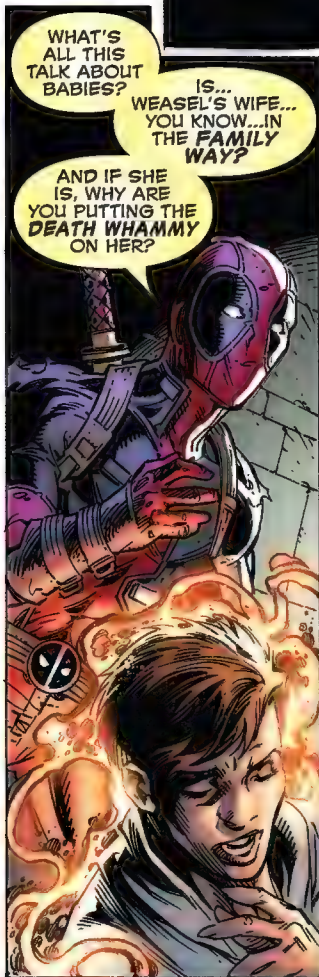


YOU CAN'T STOP THIS.

YOU JUST-- CAN'T.



I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.



WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BABIES?

IS... WEASEL'S WIFE... YOU KNOW...IN THE FAMILY WAY?

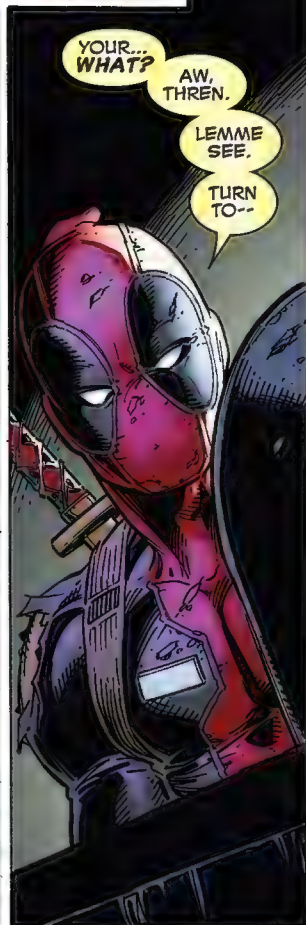
AND IF SHE IS, WHY ARE YOU PUTTING THE DEATH WHAMMY ON HER?



YOU MUST UNDERSTAND.

EVERYTHING I'VE DONE... ALLYING WITH THE ASSASSINS GUILD... ACCOMPANYING YOU...

...IT'S ALL SO I COULD NOURISH MY CHILD.



YOUR... WHAT?

AW, THREN.

LEMME SEE.

TURN TO--



RAAAGGGH!



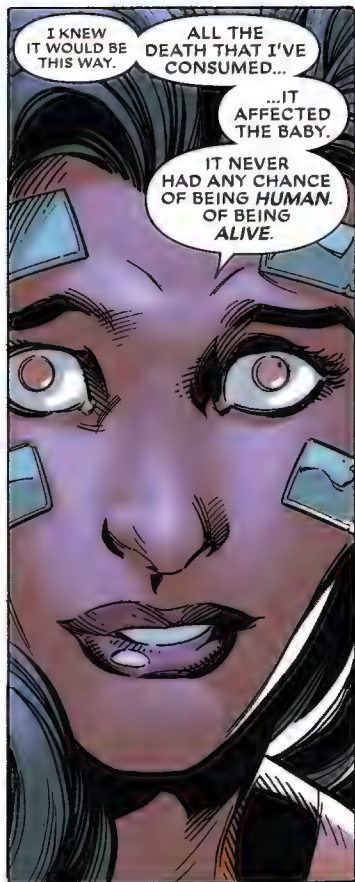
OH MAN.

THREN...
I HATE TO
TELL YOU
THIS...

...BUT THAT
THING LOOKS
DEAD...AND MAYBE
A LITTLE
DEMONIC.



WHATEVER
YOU'RE FEEDING
IT--I BET IT IS NOT
DR. SPOCK
APPROVED.



I KNEW
IT WOULD BE
THIS WAY.

ALL THE
DEATH THAT I'VE
CONSUMED...

...IT
AFFECTED
THE BABY.

IT NEVER
HAD ANY CHANCE
OF BEING **HUMAN**.
OF BEING
ALIVE.



AND
YET IT STILL
HUNGERS.

SO YOU'RE
GONNA FEED
CLARICE TO
IT?

THRENOODY,
THAT'S SO
MESSED UP!

NOT CLARICE.

HER BABY.

HER CHILD MUST DIE SO THAT MINE CAN LIVE.

AW, C'MON, THREN. JUST LISTEN TO YOURSELF.

I THINK YOU ABSORBED A FEW TOO MANY SOULS. YOU REALLY THINK **ONE MORE** FROM A **BABY**--IS GONNA MAKE A DIFFERENCE? YOU'RE ACTING A LITTLE DARK PHOENIX-Y, HERE.

THAT **THING'S** INSIDE YOUR HEAD! YOU'RE NOT SAVING YOUR BABY... YOU'RE **KILLING** CLARICE'S!

I'M DONE SIPHONING DEATH IN THE HOPE THAT IT WILL SAVE MY CHILD.

IT'S ONLY PROLONGED MY BABY'S HORRID EXISTENCE.

IT'S LIFE THAT I NEED.

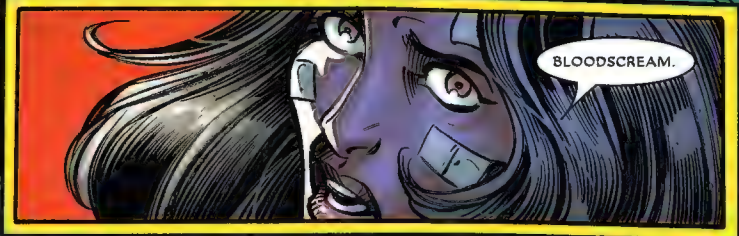
NEW LIFE.

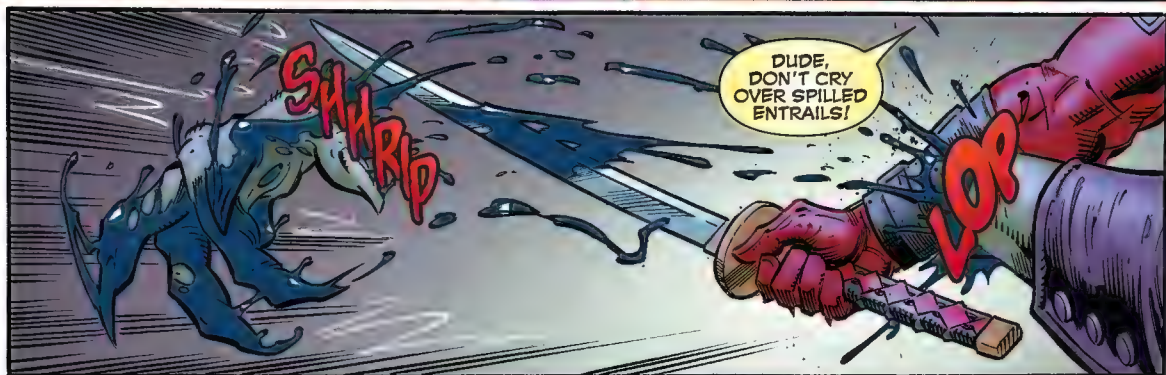
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.

DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?

DON'T PUT ME IN A POSITION TO TRY OR--







WHAT. THE.
S@%&!
I
CAN'T...
...CAN'T
SEE!

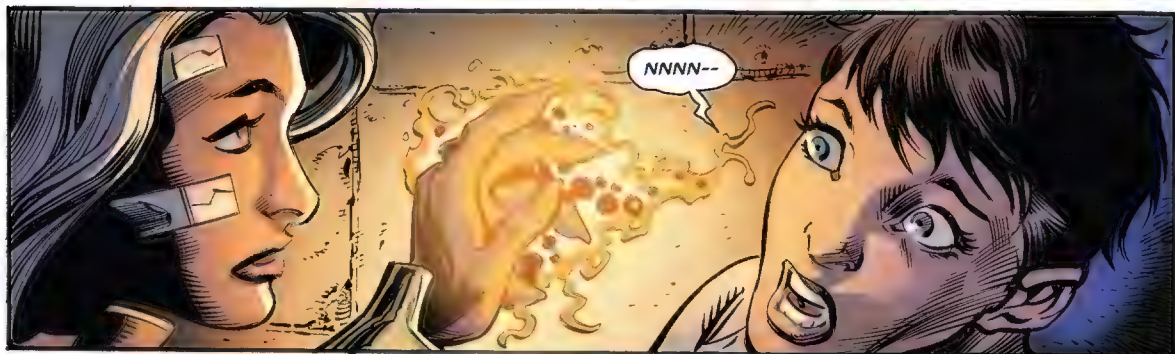


I'M SORRY,
CLARICE.
I'LL MAKE
THIS AS
PAINLESS AS
POSSIBLE.
FOR YOU
AND YOUR
CHILD.

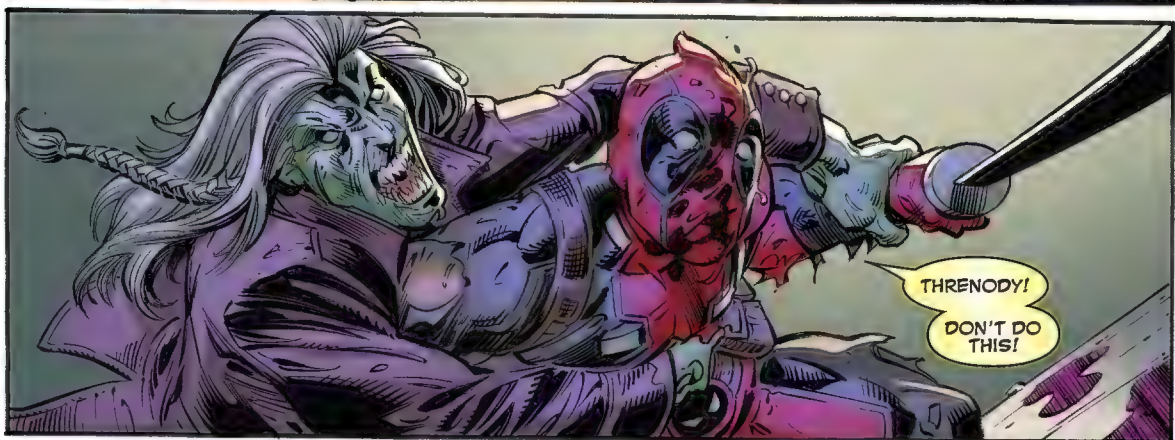


HRRSSSKY!

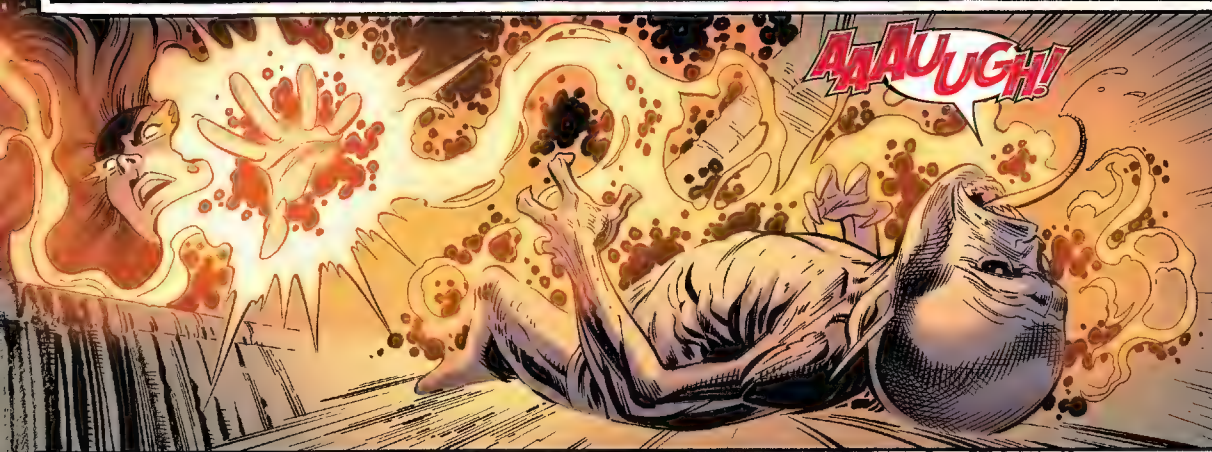
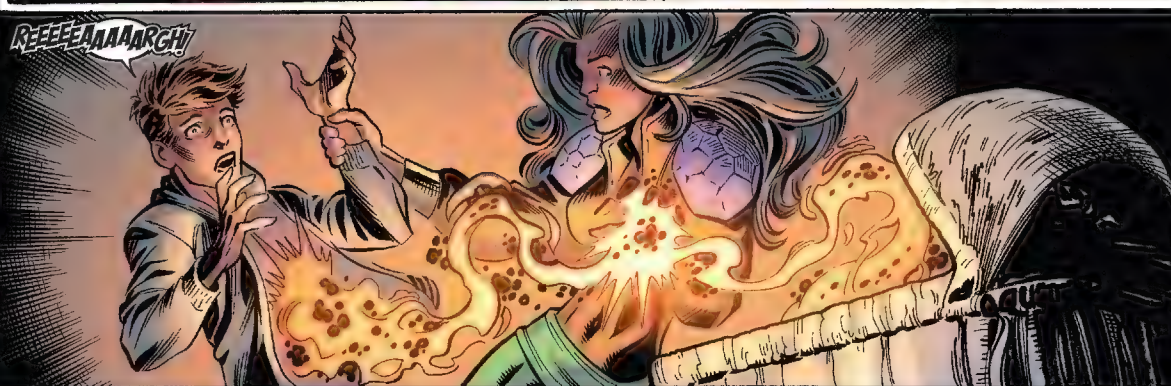
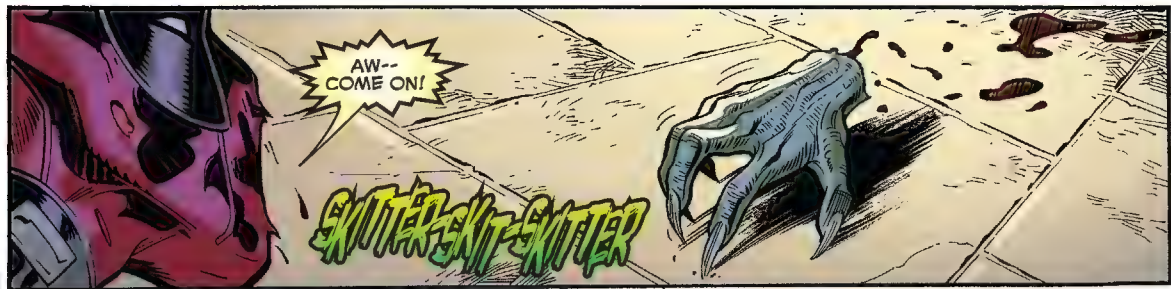
I'M ALL
FOR KILLING
FOOLS.
BUT
THERE'S
SUCH A THING
AS PRIDE,
MAN!
YOU
CAN'T GO
AROUND PUKING
BLACK BILE
IN THE FACES
OF YOUR
ENEMIES.

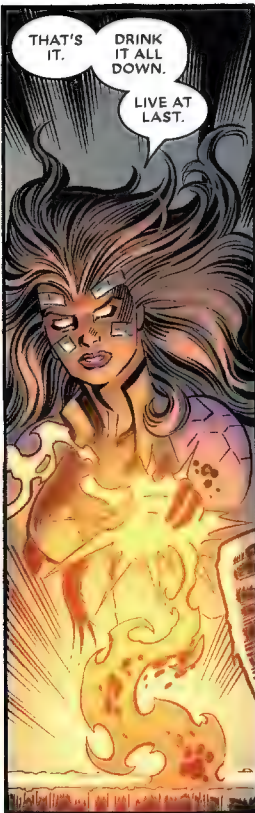


NNNN--



THRENODY!
DON'T DO
THIS!





THAT'S IT.
DRINK IT ALL DOWN.
LIVE AT LAST.



YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THIS PLACE.
THIS SEWER IS YOUR TOMB.
SORRY, BUD.
I ALREADY HAVE LOTS PICKED OUT NEXT TO SPIDEY, CAPTAIN AMERICA... AND YOUR MOM.
SHE CAN'T STAND TO BE APART FROM ME, EVEN IN DEATH.

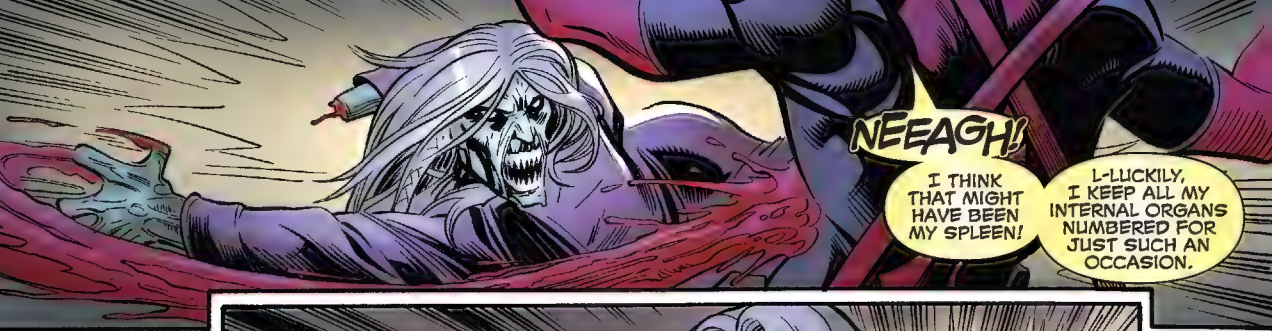


D-DON'T DO THIS.



SWING AN' A MISS!

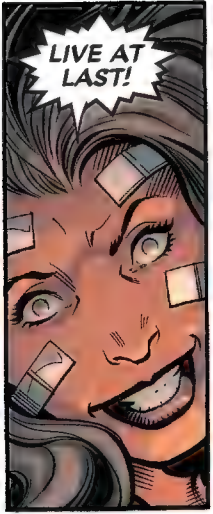
HSSSSSSSSSSSK!



NEEAGH!

I THINK
THAT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
MY SPLEEN!

L-LUCKILY,
I KEEP ALL MY
INTERNAL ORGANS
NUMBERED FOR
JUST SUCH AN
OCCASION.



LIVE AT
LAST!



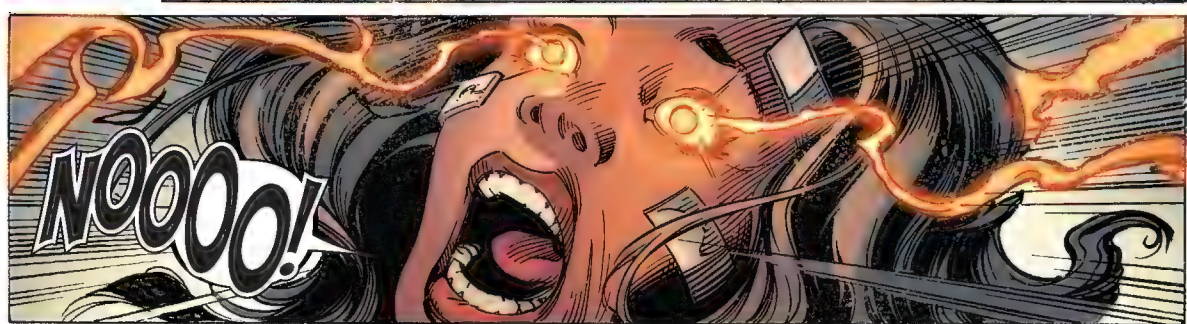
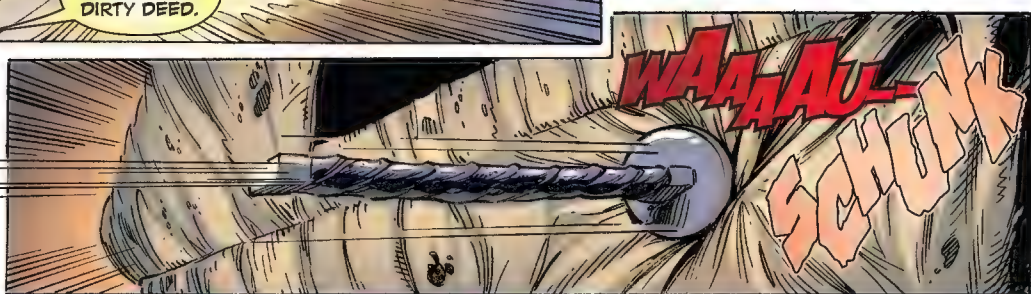
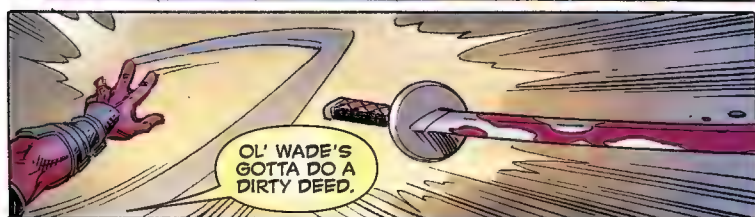
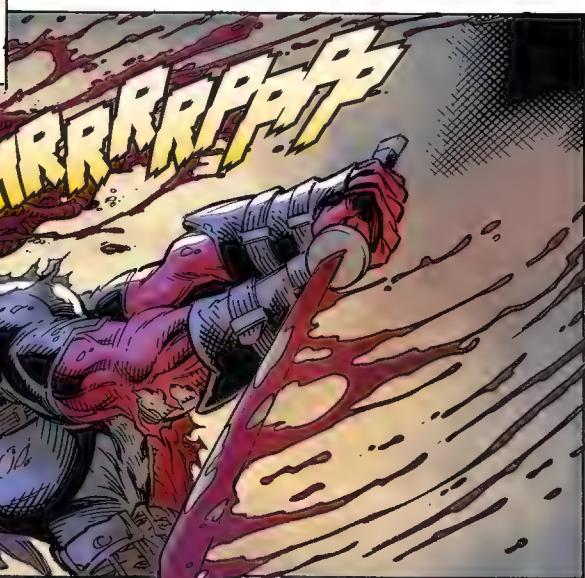
DIE! DIE!
DIE, YOU
FREAK!



M-MY
BABY.



SKRRRRRGGGCK!



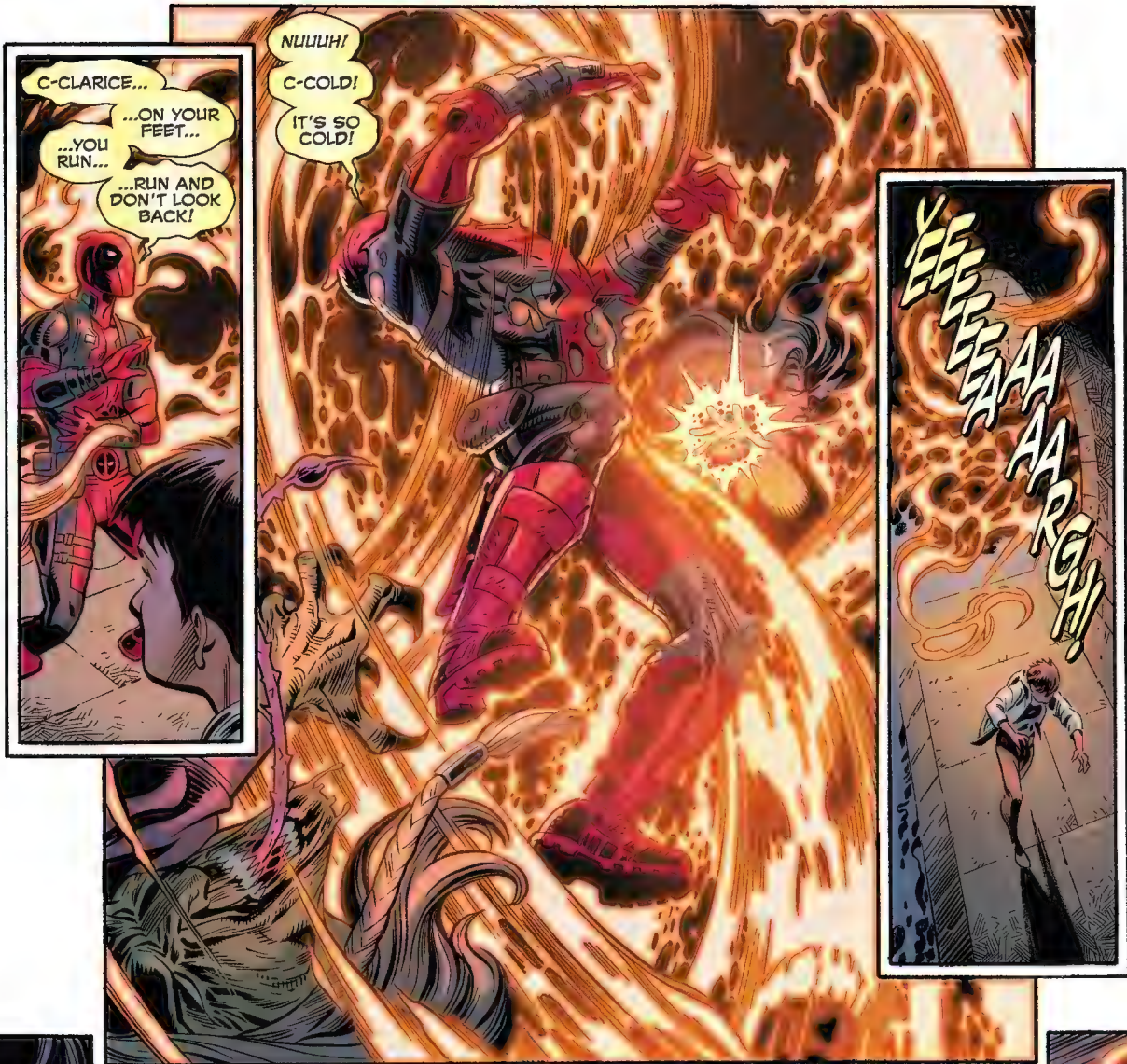
HOW
COULD YOU
DO THIS?

HE
WAS GOING
TO LIVE
AGAIN!

HOW
COULD YOU
TAKE THAT
FROM HIM?

FROM
ME?





C-CLARICE...

...ON YOUR FEET...

...YOU RUN...

...RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK!

NUUUH!

C-COLD!

IT'S SO COLD!

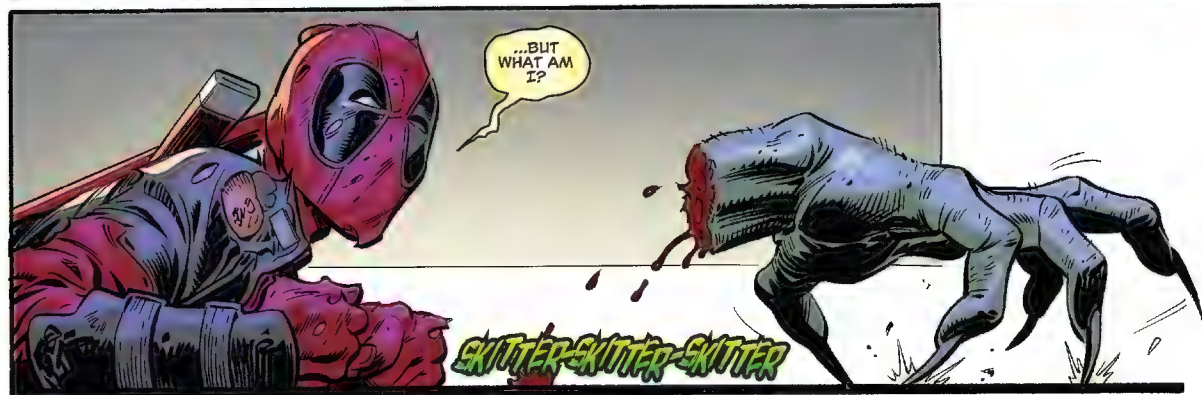
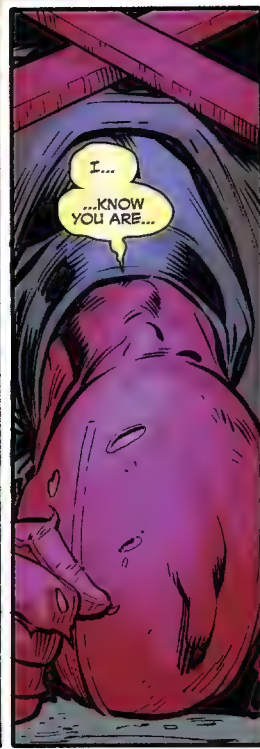
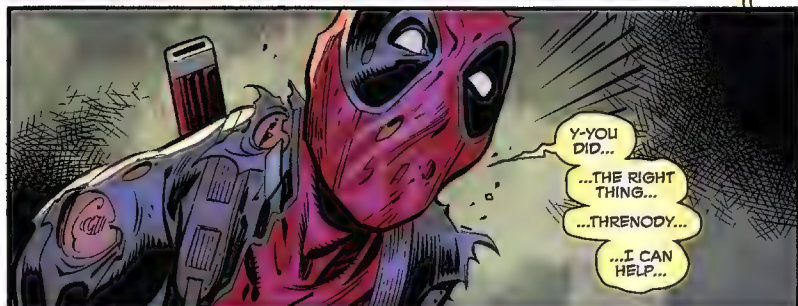
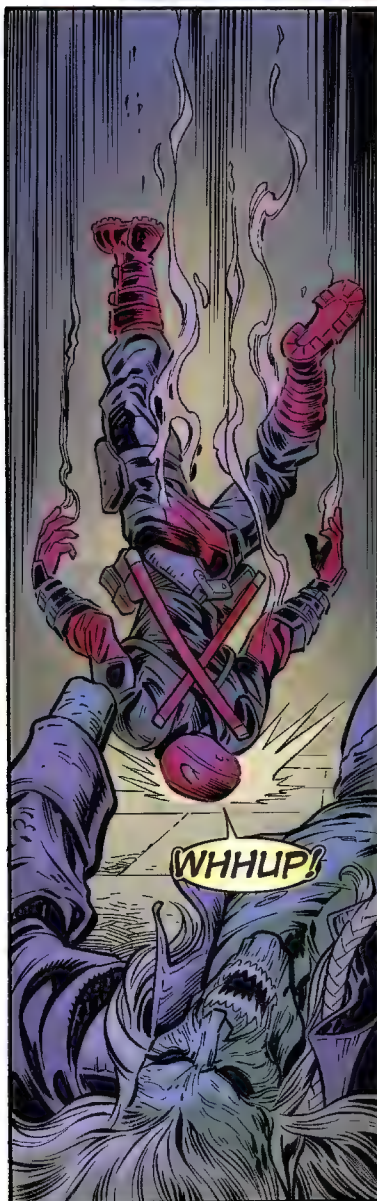
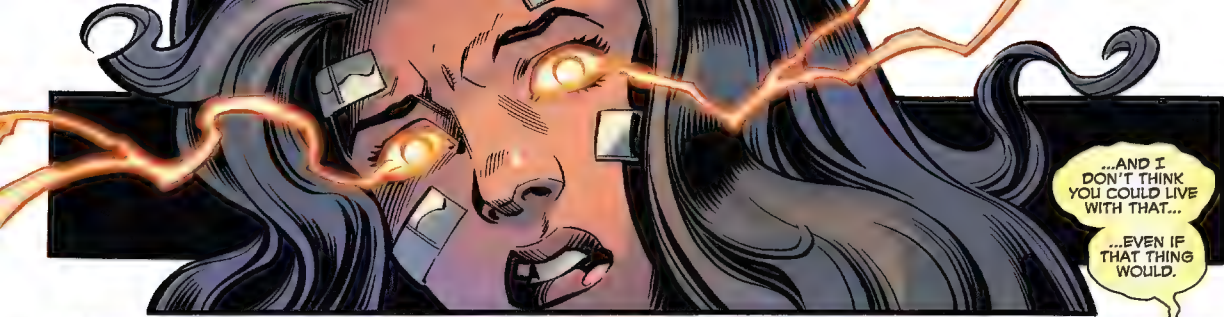
YEE
EAAA
AA
RGH!

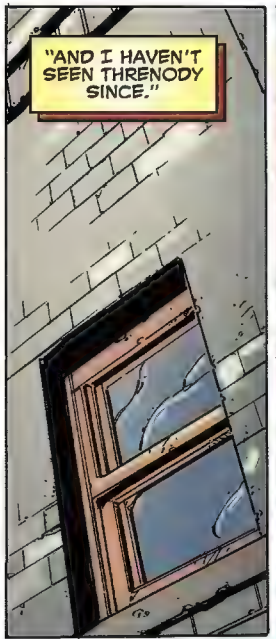


THR-
THRENOODY!
I'M SORRY!
SORRY FOR
WHAT I
DID!

BUT IF I
LET YOU GO
AROUND KILLING
BABIES...

...I KNOW
YOU...





"AND I HAVEN'T SEEN THRENOODY SINCE."



EVEN WITH MY HEALING FACTOR, IT TOOK A FEW WEEKS TO GET BACK TO MY FIGHTING WEIGHT.

IT TOOK A LOT OF CHIMICHANGAS RANCHEROS.

THERE WAS A MOMENT THERE WHEN I THOUGHT MAYBE I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAL.

I TRIED TO FIND THREN.

BUT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND... AT LEAST NOT BY ME.

THE ONLY THING I CAN OFFER HER RIGHT NOW--



"--WELL, SHE'S NOT INTERESTED."

STAY AWAY FROM ME, WADE.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

YOU ONLY BRING DEATH.



I'M GONNA KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HER BETWEEN GIGS.

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T START GOING THE LIFETIME MOVIE ROUTE AND START KIDNAPPING BABIES AGAIN.

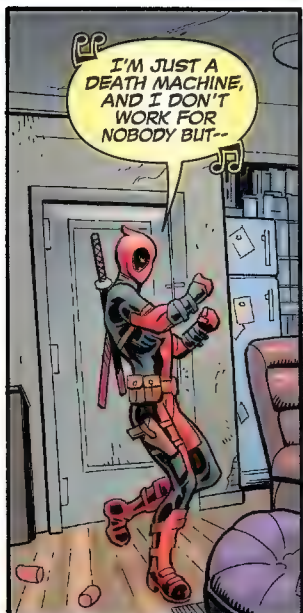
I'LL KEEP MY DISTANCE, THOUGH, IF I CAN.



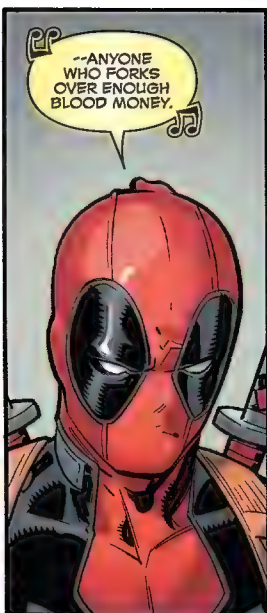
I GUESS I GAVE UP ON THE WHOLE PRIVATE ISLAND PIPE DREAM, TOO.

THAT IDEA'S AS DEAD AS WEASEL.

OR THREN'S UNDEAD DEMON SPAWN.



I'M JUST A DEATH MACHINE, AND I DON'T WORK FOR NOBODY BUT--



--ANYONE WHO FORKS OVER ENOUGH BLOOD MONEY.



OH YEAH!
WEASEL'S WIDOW IS DOING ALL RIGHT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.



GO F#\$% YOURSELF!

I CHECK IN ON HER, TOO, EVERY NOW AND AGAIN.



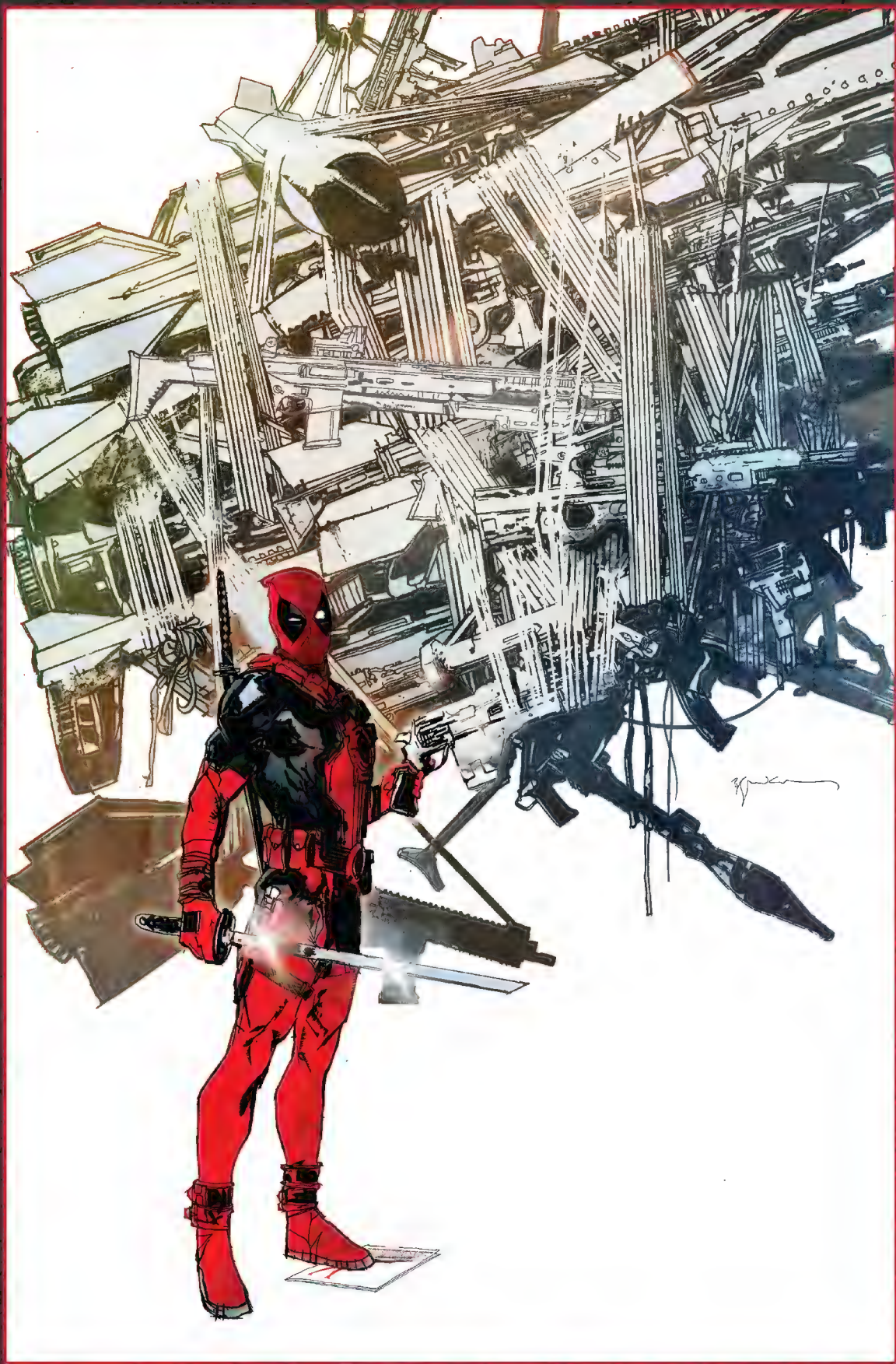
I DON'T THINK SHE'S GONNA NAME THE BABY AFTER ME, THOUGH...

...PROBABLY NOT AFTER WEASEL, EITHER.

MY GUESS? SHE WANTS TO KEEP THE KID AS FAR FROM THE MERC LIFE AND HIS LEGACY AS POSSIBLE.



I GUESS SOMETHING GOOD CAME OUT OF ALL THIS AFTER ALL.













CULLEN BUNN JOINS COMICS LEGEND MARK BAGLEY TO SET THE SASSIN' ASSASSIN AGAINST HIS OWN KIND!

THE ASSASSINS GUILD IS GUNNING FOR DEADPOOL AND ANYBODY HE CARES ABOUT. WADE'S HEALING FACTOR IS ABOUT TO BE PUT TO THE ULTIMATE TEST BY THE KNIFE-WIELDING SPEEDSTER CALLED HARVESTER! AND EVEN IF DEADPOOL IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THAT ENCOUNTER, THE NEFARIOUS NE'ER-DO-WELLS LINING UP TO TAKE THEIR SHOT AT HIM WILL MAKE THAT SHOWDOWN LOOK LIKE A WALK IN THE PARK! BUT THE GUILD PICKED THE WRONG MERC TO MESS WITH. NOT ONE TO TAKE THINGS LYING DOWN, DEADPOOL AND HIS PALS WILL TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE ASSASSINS AND HIT THEM WHERE THEY LIVE — LITERALLY! BUT IN AN ALL-OUT ASSAULT ON THE ASSASSINS GUILD'S HQ, NOT EVERYBODY WILL MAKE IT OUT IN ONE PIECE!

COLLECTING *DEADPOOL: ASSASSIN* #1-6 — BY CULLEN BUNN,
MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL, ROBERTO POGGI, JP MAYER,
SCOTT HANNA, CAM SMITH, EDGAR DELGADO,
DONO SANCHEZ-ALMARA & REX LOKUS

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
MARVEL

SALE
Hanna
VALS